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THE
NATION

APRIL 16, 1977 60 cents

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SOUTH DAKOTA'S WATER SHOWDOWN **Hugh Gardner**

Everywhere But Ireland

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LETTERS

democracy, after all

Urbana, Ill.

I must thank you for your excellent editorials [Feb. 5 and Apr. 2] on India. No other publication in this country has succeeded, as you have so well, in conveying the precise situation as it was under Mrs. Gandhi, and the prospects now after the elections. I was tempted to send copies to that pompous organ, *The New York Times*, and other media leaders, who have all done their best to mislead public opinion here with fiction about the "gains" made under the emergency. What has been especially annoying to me is the welter of not too subtle suggestions that democracy, after all, is not the appropriate system for the benighted of the Third World. . . . *Chanchal Samanta*

our human rights and theirs

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Your editorial, "Carter's Plain Talk" [Mar. 5], seems much too sanguine about the merits of President Carter's human rights pronouncements. . . . Both the President and Secretary of State Vance have indicated the administration will confront nations on the human rights issue on a selective basis, depending upon whether a particular nation is considered essential to our national security. . . . This is a cynical disregard for the human rights of those people caught in the brutal clutches of so-called friendly nations ruled by despots. The deprivation of human rights for these people is being condoned and sacrificed so that the United States can enjoy increased security. *Meldon C. Belknap*

no Cassandra

Washington, D.C.

In "The Third World's Critical Mass" [*The Nation*, Feb. 26] Kai Bird & David Berick attribute to me a statement I never made, and never would have made. . . . The quotation, which concludes the article, declares that I foresee "the almost inevitable prospect twenty years hence of a world where twenty or thirty nations possess some nuclear weaponry. . . . I'm afraid any realistic long-term strategic planning must assume the existence of a nuclear-armed world." I told a group of interns at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in an informal off-the-record luncheon discussion last September 30 that *unless more serious international consideration* was given to dealing more effectively not only with the capabilities of nations to acquire nuclear weapons but also with their incentives to do so, we could expect to see more nuclear-weapons states on the scene. Mr. Bird was present.

Without the qualification concerning effective nonproliferation efforts the statement (particularly as phrased by your imaginative authors) gives me the mantle of a Cassandra which I am unwilling to accept. For while I do think that without intelligent action the prospects are bleak, I also think that constructive steps are being taken, after a long period of inattention to the nuclear proliferation problem. . . . If President Carter succeeds in his efforts to achieve real reductions in strategic arms at the SALT talks with the Russians, and if he also manages to negotiate a ban on all nuclear testing, the nuclear giants will for once have started to set an example for the governments they have been asking to forgo the nuclear option. We will no longer be saying, as we have for more than thirty years, "Do as we say, not as we do." *Thomas A. Halsted*

correction

The editors regret that through an oversight the poem "Catechism" by Thomas Johnson was omitted from our index in the issue of April 9.

EDITORIALS

Did We Expect a Dancing Bear?

What really happened between this country and the Soviet Union when Secretary of State Vance went to Moscow? Who won? Who lost? Whither détente? Who's on first?

The American habit of looking at diplomacy as if it were a ball game, clearly won or lost, the outcome instantly apparent, has caused a hectic rush to analysis that obscures more than it reveals about the SALT confrontation. Furthermore, each day's news about it has differed, swinging back and forth from optimism about our ability to "hang tough," as President Carter put it, to dark pessimism about the American negotiators' "miscalculations" as they sat across the table from Brezhnev and Gromyko.

Only a couple of conclusions can now be drawn with any certainty about that meeting. One is that it was no disaster for "our side," which we like to think is that of humanity as a whole. The other is that, since this was but the opening round of a whole new struggle to control the world's nuclear arsenals, neither side in Moscow could win or lose.

If the game analogy works at all in this grim business, poker was being played in the Kremlin. It was surely not Russian roulette, neither side being in a mood to take big chances. Calculated bluff was the style, and the only unusual thing about it this time was the very public way in which some of the players displayed their feelings.

But if the Russians bristled with indignation, on our side the press reaction to the "breakdown" of the talks was quite extraordinary. On Saturday, April 2, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* carried almost identical stories from similarly vague sources. The *Times* headline was, "Aides Say U.S. Erred on Mood of Soviet"; the *Post*'s read, "Some Aides Feel U.S. Miscalculated." The Russians were ahead, then, according to those depressed reports from Paris, where Vance happened to be.

The bacon had not been brought home. Of course, it was most unlikely that more than its sizzle could be gotten from that first meeting, and there was no reason to be sad about it. In Washington, Carter's national security adviser Brzezinski cheerfully declared that what Gromyko called a "cheap and shady maneuver" was really "a giant step" toward a reduction of arms, "reasonably equitable for both sides." Carter himself accentuated the positive, saying that there remained "the possibility of eventual agreement along the lines of our position," once the Russians had had time to think about them.

The ripples in the wake of the Moscow meeting, quite visible on this side of the pond and characteristically hidden on the other side, are all predictable and relatively unimportant. Washington is making an excessive attempt to put down the notion of "miscalculation"—to wit, that Carter had naively thought his plan would be swiftly accepted. His press secretary even called an A.P. reporter at dawn the other day to "flatly deny" (with anger, too) that "significant miscalculations played any role in the initial rejection of the American proposals." Somehow that word had escaped from the Vance entourage in Paris

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and it had to be put back in its box. It was vital, the White House thought, that the President not seem to be an inept calculator.

The evidence, it seems to us, shows that Carter knew exactly what he was doing and quite accurately judged the risks. He did change the rules of the game as it had been played in the last round, and he stated clearly that he was doing so in an effort to move beyond "control" toward actual "reduction" of the nuclear arms levels. (As the columnist Joseph Kraft inelegantly put it, he "brayed it to the world at a press conference.") But is the record of the past under Kissinger and his two Presidents so compellingly brilliant that the rules should not be changed—even in midstream, if that is where we are?

The Carter-Vance initiative in Moscow was "that both sides get rid of some of the weapons that would be best for striking first," as George C. Wilson put it in *The Washington Post* (April 5). The alternative, as we should have learned from decades of escalation and dozens of "new generations" of weapons, is another round of increasingly lethal weaponry, bought at vast expense and bringing no increase in strategic stability. To the contrary, unless this truly vicious circle is broken, we may expect recurring periods of extreme instability when one side or the other seems to have put that deadly first-strike capability in its generals' nervous hands.

The U.S. military (and undoubtedly their Russian mirror images) are already pressing for whole new "families" of weapons. They and their civilian allies of the "national security community" are important constituents of both Carter and Brezhnev when the two talk arms control. The President, writes Wilson of the *Post*, thought "a swap of short-ranged American cruise missiles for short-ranged Soviet bombers, designated Backfire . . . crucial to getting military leaders in both countries to accept the whole package." Our President and their First Secretary are alike in the deference they pay to their generals and admirals.

But, balancing off the pros and cons, was that exercise in Moscow a waste of time; worse yet, did we lose ground by going there in the way we did? Almost certainly not, if the matter is judged in a perspective longer than a single week. It is not too much to ask that the Pentagon, its allies in Congress, and the American people all show a little patience with this complex and often baffling process. Senator Jackson, who tended to see Kissinger as a sellout artist, has rallied to the flag, so how can the rest of us do less? "We must stand firm as one," he intoned. "The Soviets understand unity." (Jackson did not seem to understand that concept when he led the fight against confirming Paul Warnke as Carter's arms controller.)

The next round will be held in Geneva in May, when Vance meets Gromyko to discuss a long agenda covering many topics affecting the security of both powers. There may or may not be progress at that meeting, or at the one after it, or the one after that. But the process will go on; the two big powers will continue to talk, and therefore all is not lost. Carter has a plan, it is not "miscalculated," and he means to push it as hard as he can against all obstacles, foreign and domestic.

The Russians have more reasons even than we to

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reduce the burden of arms. They are spending a higher proportion of their national output than we are on the military establishment, and their wealth is about half of ours. They may be gaining ground in Africa but there are widening cracks on their front and back doorsteps. They are now an important factor in the world's trade, their volume of two-way exchange having risen from 10 billion to 50 billion rubles a year from 1960 to 1975. They have enormous hard-currency debts, great dependence on the West for food, and an insatiable appetite for the technology of the capitalist powers. This does not mean that we have them by the short hair, but it gives us leverage, if not linkage.

It will take patience and persistence to produce the result President Carter is seeking in the control of arms. And it does not help to pretend that the Moscow confrontation ended in a knockout in the first round of a miscalculated prizefight.

The Blinding Glare of Profit

The pleasure Americans feel at the prospect that the Carter administration's forthcoming national energy plan will not include plutonium recycling can be compared to the sense of gratification that occurs when the hammer stops hitting one's head. James Schlesinger, the energy czar, has telegraphed that much of the plan—due to be revealed April 20—and Carter has stricken $200 million for advanced breeder reactors from the last Gerald Ford budget.

We are given to understand, however, that the plan will provide for acceleration of the fission reactors now in the works, partly by standardizing their designs and thus shortcutting the bureaucratic procedures that add years to the building of a nuclear power plant (it takes eleven years here as against three and a half in Japan). The fission hammer will go on banging while the scarier techniques are at least suspended.

This is only one element of the comprehensive plan for energy the President has promised to put forward. There will be carrots and sticks to encourage conservation and a gamut of measures to stimulate unconventional methods of energy production. It is well-known that this country has been extraordinarily wasteful in its production and consumption of energy. Profligacy is not too strong a word for it, and the utilities and their suppliers have cheered on the (for them) profitable extravagance.

This suggests that the Carter energy plan may well run into serious opposition from the energy corporations and their many friends in Congress. They have a plan of their own, as the Washington group, Environmentalists for Full Employment, points out in a recent report. It calls for huge investments in the energy industry as it is now constituted—a sum so large as to soak up 75 percent of all private investment capital now available in this country. And the industry's plan, obviously, would be enormously capital-intensive instead of labor-intensive. It would, say the environmentalists, "cost so much, waste so much . . . destroy so much of the environment, and provide so few jobs as to be . . . a serious threat to a prosperous economy and to full employment."

The EFFE people estimate that solar technologies create up to four times as many jobs as do their nuclear rivals. They have the further advantage, except for the energy corporations, of being "inherently decentralized technologies which energy corporations cannot monopolize." Therefore the private sector has had little interest in developing power from the sun.

The idea of solar power is hardly new, however laggard has been its development. As long ago as 1952 the Paley Commission, which surveyed the country's need for resources at the request of President Eisenhower, concluded that solar energy could be a larger producer of energy than nuclear fission—twenty-five years ago it estimated that an aggressive solar energy effort could heat 13 million buildings by 1975.

That effort was never made, of course, and we went on consuming fuels at twice the rate of West Germany, for example, and our dependence on imported oil is now close to 50 percent. All this could be reversed by a comprehensive national program that would, among other things, encourage solar energy. Heads will have to be banged together, to be sure, but if they are corporate heads the pain will be limited for the great majority in a country that owes no gratitude to the monopolists who have been such poor servants of the public's need for cheap and efficient energy. But for the time being, it is our heads that are still under the hammer.

When Spies Talk Shop

The new Director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Turner, has gone back into the woodwork of the CIA's headquarters in McLean, Va., and for the moment, all is quiet on the intelligence front. Our agents are undoubtedly agenting all over the world, infiltrating, "exfiltrating," being penetrated by the KGB, penetrating the KGB, and doing their clean and dirty work for the "national security." We take this moment of relative calm in the spy world to consider a couple of facets of the intelligence business.

They arise from two recently published books by former high officials of the CIA: *Secrets, Spies and Scholars* by Ray S. Cline, who was the agency's deputy director; and *The C.I.A.'s Secret Operations* by Harry Rositzke who held various important jobs in the agency, mainly in counterintelligence. (It was Mr. Rositzke who taught us the verb, "to exfiltrate.") Both works had, of course, to be cleared by the CIA, but nonetheless they are revealing. On and between the lines of them, the message is clear: the CIA is in a mess that is not entirely due to Congress' halfhearted attempt to peek under its curtains, and it will take time to straighten it out.

Naturally, both these intelligence veterans support the idea of an extensive U.S. intelligence apparatus, complete with "operational capability." That includes the ability to fiddle with friendly governments, overthrowing them if need be, to increase America's security "in a hostile world." Both Cline and Rositzke have reservations about how this has been done in the past, however, and they seem to agree that the CIA's cloak-and-dagger work has been extravagantly romanticized in Washington, leading to overstaffing and bureaucratization.

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Cline writes that Presidents Johnson and Nixon greatly contributed to the corruption of the CIA by treating it "as an instrument for the execution of White House wishes by secret methods." He favors publication of the nation's expenditures on intelligence (a Constitutional requirement that has never been observed), on the ground that "the marginal value" the adversary would gain would be offset by an increase of "public confidence." He also calls the withholding of CIA information from Congress "ridiculous," which it is.

Rositzke's account of his quarter-century in the CIA makes it clear that those hidden budget figures are enormous. He puts a good deal of the blame for the bloated agency on the military's often hysterical demands for impossibly detailed information on Russian capability and intentions—the brass always thought Moscow was on the verge of going to war with us. He worries about the "strange and distasteful bedfellows" anti-communism has tucked in with us, but seems to have no qualms about spying on our more respectable friends to help corporations make money.

These two analytical memoirs by ex-agents unconsciously (if they'll pardon the term) tell a good deal about the American spy mentality. It is not altogether reasssuring, for the message is that it will be a while at least before the "intelligence community" is under effective political control.

Logging the Dough

The Wall Street Journal's headline on the story beamed wholesome humor: "Opinions Splinter Over ITT Unit's Recipe for Bread." The story beneath it was not all that tasty. It told how that giant conglomerate's baking subsidiary, Continental Baking, was marketing an item ("food" or "bread" don't seem appropriate here) called Fresh Horizons, with a "high-fiber" content. It seems that this miracle ingredient is basically "wood pulp or sawdust," in the vulgar words of Sen. George McGovern who, as chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Nutrition, held a hearing on this interesting dietary innovation. Continental Baking prefers the language used by the *Journal* to describe the woodsy product—"a highly refined food-grade powdered cellulose."

Nomenclature aside, it is worth noting that this "dietary fiber" is sawed, milled, ground or whatever by another subsidiary of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. That is the beauty of conglomerates . . . the parts complement each other. Who would ever have thought that the wood products division would end up selling its wastes to the baking division? That idea must have earned some corporate bureaucrat a bonus, if not a promotion.

It's too bad the sawdust-bread breakthrough had not been made while ITT still owned Avis, the car renters. It could then have converted the engines to burn stale bread. In the war years many Europeans ran their cars on unrefined sawdust; the mileage might be even better with the refined stuff.

The whole idea has a certain charm. It might even suggest a new approach to the federal antitrust lawyers, those helpless characters who have stood by wringing their hands as corporate America merged faster than a justice of the peace can count. The principle would be that a conglomerate could stay together only if each of its parts was useful to another element of the combine. That might produce some peculiar products (mixing oil and water at last, for instance) but the main output would be divestiture. And that would be a good deal healthier than that splintery, conglomeratized "bread."

EVERYWHERE BUT IRELAND

The 'Success' of the Peace People

ANDREW BOYD

Belfast

Toward the end of January Robin Hayden, Britain's Ambassador in Dublin, came to Belfast to inquire personally how the organization known as the Peace People was progressing. Mr. Hayden sought his information not from the Peace People themselves but from the leaders of the two opposition parties, Gerry Fitt of the Social Democratic and Labour Party and Oliver Napier of the Alliance Party.

The progress of the Peace People was discussed a few days later when Roy Mason, Britain's Secretary of State in Northern Ireland, met Liam Cosgrave, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Garrett Fitzgerald, the Irish Foreign Minister, and other members of the government in Dublin. Mason's visit to the Irish Republic may have been routine—his predecessor, Merlyn Rees, went often to Dublin—but it must be unusual for a British ambassador, one accredited to a foreign state, to return into the United Kingdom for talks with opposition political leaders. The British Government must think the Peace People really important.

The Peace People—acclaimed in Britain, in some countries abroad and by themselves as "the last hope" for Northern Ireland's divided communities—had, until early this year, been doing very well. Their leaders, Betty Williams, Mairead Corrigan and Ciaran McKeown, had traveled to the capitals of Europe; they had appeared on American radio and television and, as a special privilege, had been granted the freedom of Trafalgar Square for a London rally. They had also met the King of Norway, dined with provincial premiers in the guildhalls of West Germany, and spoken in Amsterdam Cathedral before the Crown Princess of the Netherlands.

Andrew Boyd, a frequent contributor, is the author of Holy War in Belfast (*Grove Press*).

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They have since been invited back to the United States, then to Australia, New Zealand and other countries—all that they might proclaim some simple truths: most people in Northern Ireland want peace; not everyone is a gunman, a bomber, or an assassin.

For this the Peace People have had world fame—and large sums of money—thrust upon them. But have their mass rallies and parades, their open-air praying and community hymn-singing, the glamour and the instant international status had any effect upon those who are waging war in Ulster? Has the sectarian massacre of defenseless Catholics diminished? Has the IRA stopped killing soldiers and policemen or bombing what it regards as "commercial targets"? Has the British Army ceased to harass and ill-treat the Catholic ghettos? Is the Royal Ulster Constabulary no longer using the boot and the fist on young people arrested and accused of terrorist activities?

On January 29, as the Peace People were holding their first general conference, the IRA launched a new campaign of bombing, killing and arson in London and throughout Northern Ireland. On February 20 the commander of the IRA's Belfast Brigade announced that, so far as they were concerned, "the war would go on . . . not only in Northern Ireland where the targets would be members of the security forces and top businessmen but also in Britain, where there would be a wave of bombings in all the big cities."

On January 28, the *Irish News*, a paper which reflects moderate and conservative Catholic opinion in Ulster, sympathized with "people who live in what are called the ghetto areas" because they were unceasingly subjected to "British military invasion of their homes." The previous day a 68-year-old man had died from a heart attack when troops of the 2nd Battalion of the Parachute Regiment, searching his house for guns, refused to allow medical help to be called. There was some sort of an inquiry into this incident but by February 20 Roy Mason had decided that the paratroopers were not to blame for the man's death. On February 5 a Belfast judge sentenced five soldiers of the Black Watch Regiment to terms of imprisonment. They had been found guilty of planting bullets in the automobiles of innocent people and then having them arrested and charged with possessing ammunition. Last August an ex-paratrooper told a Belfast court that he had been ordered to give false evidence upon which innocent men were convicted and sent to prison.

Dr. Cahal Daly, a Roman Catholic Bishop, stated in an English newspaper that the methods used by the British Army in Northern Ireland were "often unjustifiably rough, even brutal, the middle-of-the-night searches too frequent, too destructive, too often based on mistaken identity, the language and gestures of the army personnel too often obscene and insulting." And the Royal Ulster Constabulary, ruthless when pursuing Republicans but not very good at catching or convicting Protestant terrorists, has had to admit that gangs of "Loyalist butchers" operating out of the main Protestant ghettos in West Belfast have been responsible for the "horrific knife killings" of many defenseless Catholics in the past twelve months. Among the most recent victims of these knife gangs was a middle-aged crippled man, walking home late at night from a downtown club. The sectarian assassins have such freedom that people, not only in Belfast but all over Northern Ireland, remain indoors after dark and would be wise not to answer a knock on the door late at night. They are terrified of the roving killers.

The impact of the Peace People has therefore been immeasurably greater abroad, in Amsterdam, Oslo and Bonn, than any impression they have made in Ulster—and therein lies the paradox of their movement. That is probably why British Ambassador Hayden and the government in Dublin have inquired about their progress.

During a gun battle between a patrol of the British Army and a squadron of the IRA in West Belfast last August, three tiny children were killed. The Republicans crashed their car through a military checkpoint, whereupon the soldiers fired and killed the driver. This caused the car to swerve, mount the sidewalk and crush a young woman, Mrs. Anne McGuire, and her four children against the railings of a nearby church. As Mrs. McGuire lay almost at the point of death in hospital, with two of her children already dead, one dying and the fourth seriously injured, her husband, Jack McGuire, said that he blamed all terrorists for the multiple tragedy that had befallen his family, and he blamed especially the Irish Republican Army. According to Mairead Corrigan, who is Anne McGuire's sister, that was the moment when the movement known as the Peace People was born, and to hasten the birth, a Roman Catholic priest who was at the hospital, asked Jack McGuire if he would repeat his denunciation of the IRA to reporters who were waiting in an adjoining room.

While Jack McGuire was talking to the press, Betty Williams, a housewife who lived near where the children were killed, was urging her neighbors to sign a petition against the IRA. Betty Williams and the 5,000 people who signed her petition that afternoon were all Catholics. Neither the British Army nor the British administration in Northern Ireland could have failed to see the significance of that. It looked as though the Catholics of Belfast were, for the first time, rejecting the IRA. The death of the McGuire children seemed to be achieving what endless harassment and sectarian terror had failed to achieve—that is, to convince the Catholics that it would be better for them to join with the state and the armed forces in isolating and defeating the Republicans.

Betty Williams, a confident extrovert sort of woman, believes, as does nearly everybody in Northern Ireland, that if the IRA had not commenced its terror campaign against the British in 1970 there might now be some sort of peace in Northern Ireland—though that does not mean that the IRA alone is responsible for the chaos. In the early days of the Peace People Betty Williams denounced "all men of violence" but on the one occasion when she complained about the jackboot tactics of the British Army she had hurriedly to retract; Ciaran McKeown explained that the violence of the state forces was necessary and justified and could not be equated with the violence of the IRA.

Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan could claim to be the founders of the Peace People, but they were very

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Albany (N.Y) Times Union

soon joined by McKeown, a journalist who resigned an exceptionally well-paid job to become a full-time worker for peace. McKeown's experience in newspapers and his interest in Ulster politics helped to keep the Peace People airborne during the first two or three months. Peter McLachlan, Tory politician and former research officer at the headquarters of the Tory Party in London, was later asked to join the leadership group. No other politicians, however moderate or committed to peace, were invited. This is because McKeown is convinced that the politicians of Northern Ireland—except presumably Peter McLachlan—are all failures and must be replaced by a new political movement, organized upon "house groups and street groups."

But who has been backing the Peace People? That is a question for which many inquirers have not yet found an answer. It would be interesting to know why, almost from the beginning, money has flowed into the offices of the Peace People in almost embarrassingly large donations. Some suspect that the Peace People are really backed by the British Government and by British Army commanders in Northern Ireland; but although Roy Mason has acknowledged that the Peace People have "helped the security situation," he denies government involvement, saying that "official intervention of any kind would merely encourage those who would like to see the Peace People trounced." And to prove that the Peace People were not being directed by the government, Mason conducted an official "peace movement" or, as seems more likely, he employed a public relations agency to conduct it for him. When the Peace People were firmly established there was no need for Mason to continue his campaign and it was brought quietly to an end.

After their first two or three successful mass peace rallies in Belfast and the attention they received from the world's press and television, the Peace People were nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. When it was found that the nomination was too late for the 1976 prize, the editor of a newspaper in Norway raised a fund of $250,000 within a few days. A similar sum was raised in West Germany.

The rapid response from Norway and West Germany was surprising because, before the appearance of the Peace People, neither country had concerned itself much with the problems of Northern Ireland. Only the Dutch had tried to help; they sent money into Northern Ireland for "community welfare" and invited the extreme Protestant and Catholic partisans to talk together about their problems in Amsterdam. But neither the Dutch nor the Germans, the Norwegians nor any other nation in Western Europe seemed willing to do anything politically effective, such as having Britain's disastrous policies in Northern Ireland examined either by the United Nations or by the Council of Europe.

It seemed strange, too, that the Peace People should have been so generously promoted in Norway and Germany and by the European press when several other peace organizations in Northern Ireland had been trying for years to reconcile Catholics and Protestants. Most of these peace groups, like the Peace People themselves, are evangelical, going much for praying in public and singing hymns together. They stick posters on their back windscreens and talk of peace coming if people "think peace, talk peace, and pray for peace." None of the leaders of these groups would be as candid as Sheila Flanagan, organizer of Peacepoint, who admits that the peace groups can do no more than encourage optimism and give peaceful people the chance to meet one another.

No one ever hears of these peace groups exposing, for example, those Unionist politicians who used their power when there was a Northern Ireland Government to issue more than 110,000 licensed firearms to their Loyalist followers. The peace groups suggest no redress for the injustices and offer no solutions to the political instability that is the cause of conflict in Northern Ireland. They lay no blame on those British politicians whose eagerness to grasp every expedient and short-term solution has put the Northern Ireland problem almost beyond solution. They say nothing about the brutality of British troops and are silent when members of the state forces are accused of murder, torture and other crimes. These peace groups are financed mainly by organizations such as the Rowantree Trust, the Cadbury Trust, the Gulbenkian Trust and by money from other sources, though it is believed that much of this money comes indirectly from the British Government or from some other source beyond Britain.

The fact is that there has not been a peace movement or group since 1969 that has not been encouraged by Britain, whose government seems to hope that peace groups will divert attention from Westminster's responsibility for the Ulster crisis and conceal the guilt of the

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British politicians. Among the groups which the British are apparently still financing are Protestant and Catholic Encounter (PACE), the New Ulster Movement (NUM), the Corrymeela Center, Women Together, People Together, Peacepoint, etc. The government has encouraged and has probably also financed the several quite useless peace campaigns of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions. Its latest campaign consists of a list of platitudes which, it is imagined, will transform life in Northern Ireland.

These are only a few of the many peace groups that abound in Ulster, and of which the Peace People are the most recent, the most publicized and the most generously financed. These last should, therefore, be seen within the context of an array of many peace groups, none of which is effective because, as a veteran opposition politician said a few weeks ago, the only people who can make peace are those who are making war. And the men who are making war are the IRA, the British Army and the armed Loyalists. The prayers in public, the hymns, the receptions at The Hague or in Oslo, the trips to Australia, the United States and other countries abroad have not changed the minds of those who make war in Ulster.

Finally, in March 1977, six months after they arose out of the anguish of the McGuire family, it seems that the Peace People, far from building a new political movement, are themselves beginning to crack at the top. Some of the Catholic Peace People have been expelled because they said McKeown was wrong publicly to insult the Catholic clergy. Many of the Protestant Peace People, always suspicious because McKeown, Williams and Corrigan are Catholics, have complained about being overlooked and deliberately excluded from important policy-making conferences. At a meeting on February 20 Betty Williams said that "the charismatic phase" of the peace movement had gone. What the next phase is to be nobody knows, but it looks as though the Peace People will be added to that list of defunct organizations that now pave the way to "peace" in Ulster. □

McGOVERN vs. THE FARMERS

South Dakota's Water Showdown

HUGH GARDNER

Denver

The big news on America's northern plains these days is the recent collapse of the Oahe Irrigation Project, a $400-million government plan to turn east-central South Dakota green with agricultural profit. As a result of local elections last November, control over the project's fate has now fallen into the hands of an insurgent Populist group called United Family Farmers (UFF), which formed four years ago when the word began to spread that the project was a rip-off of the land and the people it was supposedly designed to benefit. Against all odds they finally brought it to a halt, an uncharacteristic ending for a classic confrontation between the Big Operators and the Little People.

Although only a few Americans might ordinarily be interested in the fortunes of South Dakota farmers, the story behind the fall of Oahe has three major national consequences that make it memorable. For one, it is a rare setback for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, along with the Corps of Engineers, one of our most aggressive and unpopular government agencies. For another, the Oahe case is a perfect example of the problems inherent in the controversial Western water projects on President Carter's "hit list." And, finally, Oahe's defeat has shown Sen. George McGovern in an unflattering light which may well upset his home-state political future.

Hugh Gardner is a Denver writer and sociologist whose articles have appeared in Harper's, Esquire, New Times *and other national magazines. His first book,* The Children of Prosperity, *will be published in November by St. Martin's Press.*

The Oahe Irrigation Project has been the biggest barrel of federal pork in South Dakota's history. Until recent years it was very popular and, since McGovern supported it from the start, he too was popular—for this reason among others. But the farmers eventually saw it as a boondoggle; McGovern did not, and his continuing advocacy has certainly hurt his popularity. His determination to push it through anyway has earned him widespread enmity among South Dakota farmers, whose support he must have if he is to be re-elected from this most agricultural of our states.

Some snapshots from the decisive encounter:

¶*Saturday, October 30, 1976, Sioux Falls, S.D.* The occasion is an affair called "The South Dakota Water Conference," organized by Senator McGovern to dramatize the need for the Oahe Irrigation Project on the eve of a showdown at the polls, November 2. Featured participants are ranking state businessmen, government bureaucrats and water development planners. But most of the farmers in Sioux Falls this day are elsewhere, meeting with a coalition of nineteen environmental groups and boycotting what they call "McGovern's Water Show." A few farmers are attending, however, and one steps forward now to confront his Senator. He is John Bieber, a sun-wrinkled old wheat farmer from Warner, a lifelong Democrat who has worked tirelessly on McGovern's previous campaigns. But the mimeographed statement he hands his Senator today is a 3-page indictment of McGovern's "trying to force the Oahe Project on the farmers against their will," and using "lying" and "deceit" to do it. "Senator McGovern," Bieber concludes, "the question is not whether irrigation is good or bad. . . . The question is whether you have an obligation to live by your word and respect the votes of the people."

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¶3 A.M. Wednesday, November 3, 1976, Brentford, S.D. The Farmer's Bar, a huge old quonset hut set out on the South Dakota prairie, is overflowing with farmers and their wives celebrating the election returns. Five of the six local candidates they ran against "McGovern's Folly" unseated the pro-Oahe incumbents. On a TV set over the bar, John Chancellor is intoning the news that the Presidential returns from South Dakota are still a question mark. "There ain't no question mark about this state, John," a farmer shouts from the back, "cause it's as plain as the nose on your face that South Dakota doesn't want Oahe." At a table nearby, another farmer adds a quiet afterthought amid the general whooping and cheering: "And to hell with McGovern."

¶Monday, November 15, 1976, A.P. Newswire. "I think it does indicate considerable opposition," said the South Dakota Democrat. But he added that the vote had not changed his support of the project. "I think it will go ahead, although this complicates it somewhat."

The Oahe Irrigation Project has its roots in the dustbowl of the depressed 1930s. Thousands of family farms and 200 prairie towns simply dried up and blew away; it was a time of suicide, insanity, failure and despair. South Dakota had climbed to a population of 693,000 by 1930, but during the dustbowl 50,000 gave up and moved away, a loss from which the state has still not recovered. As a land and a people slowly died of thirst, the byword in South Dakota became "Water for the Future." There was only one way to get this water: harness the yawning indifference of the Missouri River, which bisects the state from north to south on its way to being the longest river on the continent. McGovern grew up in the years of the dustbowl, and irrigation has been to him a Good Thing all his life. Apparently, it always will be, even if the people think otherwise.

With the dustbowl a recent memory, Congress in 1944 passed the Pick-Sloane Flood Control Act, providing for a series of dams along the full length of the Missouri River Basin. For South Dakotans the new dams seemed like redemption from on high. They would eliminate down-river flooding, provide better recreation and municipal water supplies, generate hydroelectricity, and at last bring rural electrification to the benighted South Dakota countryside. And above all that, the new reservoirs would irrigate the area's dryland farms. All of South Dakota hoped that these new benefits would be the answer to their most painful problem: they might open enough opportunities at home so that their kids would stop leaving the state. For the most wrenching fact of life here, even today, is that South Dakota loses its best and brightest to the lure of more exciting places far away. "Water for the Future" meant even more than money: it meant children.

And so throughout the 1940s and 1950s the dams went up. Just outside Pierre, S.D., the state capital, went up the king of them all, Oahe. When Oahe was sealed in 1958, it was the largest rolled-earth dam in the world, impounding a reservoir longer than Lake Erie and with more shoreline than Lake Michigan. In Dakota Sioux, the word "oahe" means "friend," and to a poverty-ridden South Dakota in 1958, it meant "friend" in English too. Even now per capita income in South Dakota is only $4,218, ranking forty-eighth among the fifty states.

When the Corps of Engineers closed Oahe Dam, plans got underway for another new friend to come to South Dakota: the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation. Settling old disputes and dividing the turf between these two agencies had been a major political function of the Pick-Sloane Act. The corps was to build the mainstem dams, and the bureau was to follow through with water development projects. Behind Oahe, for instance, the corps had flooded 500,000 acres of timber, prime bottom land, and ancient Indian village sites. To compensate the state for these losses, the bureau's role was to construct a system of canals to irrigate 495,000 additional acres. Oahe history in the 1960s was mainly a time when the bureau made its studies and got all the necessary local political machinery in place to proceed.

Oahe's main champion in this period was McGovern's old friend and adviser, Ken Holum, who was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Interior by Kennedy, partly to repay McGovern for his risky support in 1960. As Holum steered Oahe through the labyrinthine halls of Interior, he worked closely with McGovern, who held opportune posts on the Senate Agriculture and Interior Committees. Back home in South Dakota, the key task was to organize local irrigation districts and see to it that they got the contractual authority necessary to bring in the bureau.

With little debate over the bureau's glowing promises, a series of local votes was held around the state to set up county irrigation districts and regional Conservancy Sub-Districts, chief among them, of course, the Oahe Conservancy Sub-District, a fifteen and a half county area where the major irrigation network was planned. This accomplished, Congress authorized the initial 190,000-acre stage of the project in 1968. The voters were then asked to grant contractual authority to the eleven-man Oahe Sub-District Board, which they did. In 1969, the board signed a master contract for the project with the bureau. Later that year, the farmers of the Sub-District were asked to approve the contract's provisions for repayment, and again they complied. There never was a vote on the project's substantive merits; the 1969 election concerned only the repayment provisions. But by then, the bureau argues, the ties that legally bind had been cemented, even though the Definite Plan Report of what the bureau actually intended to do was not released until 1971, or its Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) until two years later. Today the farmers view this sequence of events as classic corps-bureau strategy, and feel they were hoodwinked in the 1960s.

But the project was still generally popular until 1973, when the bureau's draft EIS shocked the state's environmental groups and led to the formation of the United Family Farmers. Was it really worth condemning 110,000 acres of land, 100,000 already productive in wheat and pasture, for the sake of irrigating only 190,000 more? Was it right to accommodate the project's runoff by

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turning 123 miles of wooded wildlife habitat along the James River into a straight 54-mile ditch? Would rising water tables from irrigation leach corrosive salts up into the topsoil and turn the land into an alkaline desert in ten or twenty years?

Simultaneously, stories began drifting down from the Garrison Project in North Dakota, where an earlier bureau irrigation scheme much like Oahe was turning into a major social tragedy. There, 4,745 parcels of land —all family farms—were being condemned to make way for a 1.2 million-pound "walking dragline" that was digging a ditch up to 350 feet wide and 100 feet deep. Farmers were having their land taken at rock-bottom rates and being forced into court to get a fair price, only to face skyrocketing land values if they tried to replace it—and capital gains taxes if they didn't. The bureau offered no relocation assistance. High costs to make the irrigation changeover drove still more farmers off the land. Soils were threatened by waterlogging and salinization. The canals themselves caved in regularly. Whole communities found their transportation networks blocked off; children had to go extra miles to school.

South Dakota farmers began to realize that this could happen to them too, and the fight was on.

The fight was strictly uphill, for most South Dakotans remained enthralled by the bureau's cornucopia of promised benefits. There would be $400 million of local construction to build 172 miles of canals, 4,000 miles of drains, and seventy-eight pumping units—and all that is only the initial stage. Farm production and income would be stabilized in a "continuing development that will pump millions of dollars annually into the economic bloodstream of South Dakota, the region, and the nation."

In addition, according to public relations, "greater employment, wages and profits, and improved schools, roads, churches, and other community facilities will result." If that wasn't enough, the project would also "make possible a larger number of family farms and more farm and nonfarm residents . . . new processing plants will develop, and existing ones will expand . . . fish and wildlife, recreation, and municipal and industrial water functions will also generate new and increased business . . . new job opportunities will develop." And then the promise that twists the innermost key to the South Dakotan's heart: "Rural areas will become alive. . . ."

But the farmers of Brown and Spink Counties, where most of the project would be built, developed their own version of what was likely to happen. The Sioux word for "friend" became the farmer's word for "enemy." The Oahe Project became "The Oahe Problem," and the agency behind it became "The Bureau of Wrecklamation." Patiently but persistently, the farmers kept demanding answers to their questions, including these among others:

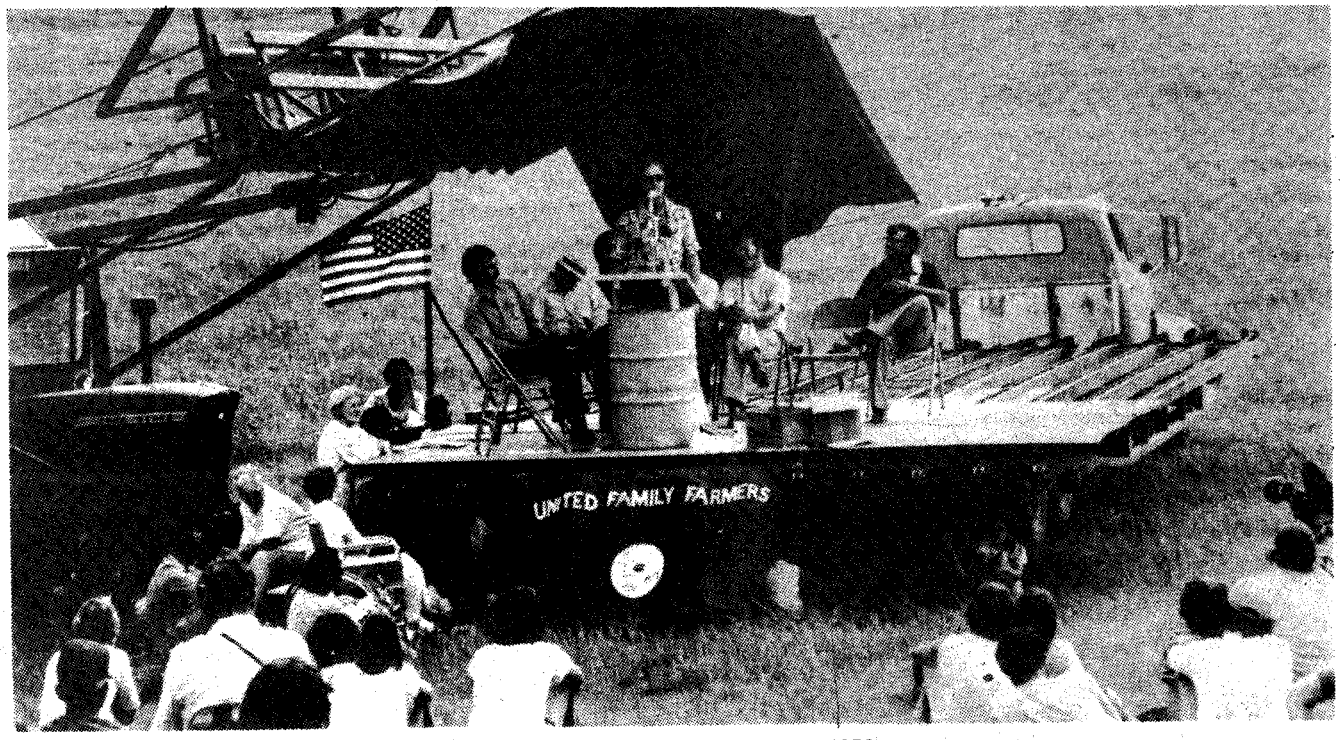
¶ Why was the Brown-Spink area chosen for irrigation in the first place, when independent soil scientists were saying that few sections of the land there are suitable for irrigation?

¶ Why were independent engineers saying that the drainage plan proposed by the bureau would not handle canal seepage or adequately protect against destruction of the soil by oversaturation and mineralization?

¶ Why did a team of Johns Hopkins economists conclude that the actual benefits of the project, figuring in adequate drainage costs and other realistic modifications, would be only 23¢ for each dollar spent?

¶ Where is the average family farmer to get the $50,000 capital estimated by the bureau itself to be necessary for the changeover to irrigation?

¶ Why does the bureau use deceptive tactics to con-



UFF Rally Near Blount, S.D., June 1975

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demn land, force farmers into debt to get a fair settlement, and offer them no relocation assistance?

¶ Why will farmers in the project area be forced to pay annual irrigation fees whether they irrigate or not?

¶ Why did a secret Inter-Agency Study Group in the state administration forecast "unearned economic and tax windfalls, losses, and wipe-outs" as a result of Oahe?

¶ Why did the bureau refuse to enforce its own acreage-limitation requirements on earlier irrigation projects in California, where corporate agribusiness and tax-sheltered oil companies took over?

¶ With hundreds of farms condemned for construction and hundreds of other farmers pushed out from several directions at once, how would Oahe "make possible a larger number of family farms"?

¶ What hope will there be for the polluted and channelized James River ecosystem when the master contract gives the bureau "no obligation to construct or furnish water treatment facilities to maintain . . . the quality of water"?

¶ How can the bureau promise "farm stabilization" or expect the farmer to make expensive investments in irrigation when the master contract also exempts it from supplying irrigation water on a continuous basis?

¶ Even if it's in their own interests, why should farmers be subsidized for their irrigation water by the South Dakota taxpayers and their Oahe Dam hydroelectricity revenues, especially if this means higher rates to other consumers?

¶ Why do studies show that the bureau underestimates the true costs of its projects by an average of more than 200 percent?

¶Why were the people who push the hardest for the project not farmers at all but bankers, contractors, conservative newspaper publishers, bureaucrats and politicians?

And so on. Most of all, the farmers questioned what was going on in the mind of George McGovern, their senior Senator and official head of the South Dakota Congressional delegation.

One thing occupying the mind of McGovern at the time was the election coming in the fall of 1974. During his disastrous run for the Presidency, compounded by the humiliation of being defeated in his home state, McGovern had violated his own cardinal rule of politics: never neglect the folks back home. The polls were showing him such a long shot for another Senate bid that any Republican nominated looked sure to beat him. But McGovern had always been an underdog, and he knew his position wasn't hopeless. With few contributions from South Dakota, McGovern financed his campaign almost entirely through out-of-staters sympathetic to their fallen champion. For the conservatives and the hopeful farmers back home, he resumed his active support for the dream of "Water for the Future." For the liberals and the dissenting farmers, he promised to take serious account of "the questions many thoughtful people are raising about Oahe." It was what one McGovern confidant called "the grand strategy" of "gracefully riding the fence." Grand or not, it worked.

Up until that election, the United Family Farmers had not made much headway. Local newspapers, TV stations, the business community, the Oahe Sub-District Board, the bureau, the state administration, and their Congressmen were all steadfastly behind the project. The UFF took its case to court, but its motion for a preliminary injunction was denied, and a trial on the merits delayed two more years. About the only progress it made was in membership, for no one impresses a farmer as much as another farmer, and the UFF critics were almost entirely farmers who had once supported the project.

The pivotal event came as George McGovern was being re-elected in 1974. The Oahe Sub-District Board elections were being held at the same time, with five of the eleven incumbents up for re-election. The UFF decided to test the project at the polls by running its own slate of candidates. Over radio and TV, pursuing his grand strategy, McGovern said this about the Oahe board fight: "There are people on both sides of the issue for those offices, and this will provide us a good referendum, I think, with how the farmers and the people in the affected area feel about it." The farmers assumed this to mean that, if the UFF won, McGovern would swing in behind their cause. As he wrote to Virgil Gilbert of Carpenter, S.D., "The people must make the final decision."

As it turned out, the people decided to go with the UFF. Four of its five candidates won board seats. But when the UFF then looked to Washington, its jubilation was cut short. The newly re-elected senior Senator did not, after all, consider the vote a referendum. Instead, he set out anew to press for project appropriations funding, tossed the environmental and social issues back to the courts, and adopted a public posture of "Use It Or Lose It," arguing that South Dakotans must go ahead on Oahe immediately or lose "their" water to down-river projects like the one in Texas (pronounced unworkable by the bureau itself and defeated by Texas voters). The farmers felt that McGovern had broken his word and turned against them. They were even more dejected when one of their own board members switched sides once in office.

Still, they now had three sympathetic men on the board with an official right to participate; they could still be outvoted but no longer ignored. Most important, they now had a right to examine the board's files, where they found letters to the board from George McGovern, indicating that he had never considered the UFF anything more than a troublesomely vocal minority. One letter recounted in detail his strategy for heading off environmental criticism of the project before it got too hot to handle. Another urged the board to hire Ken Holum as a lobbyist for the project in Washington at Sub-District taxpayers' expense, and that up through 1974, Holum had been paid $6,677.30. It did not sit well with the farmers when they also learned that Holum owned property in the project area which was subject to a $250,000 windfall profit if the irrigation plan went through.

Another effect of the UFF's men on the board was that it could no longer be used so blatantly as an instrument to promote the project. Holum's pay was stopped immediately, and the lobbying effort was shifted instead to

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a new private group called "Friends of Oahe," founded in early 1975 with McGovern's encouragement and subsequently to work closely with both McGovern and Holum. "Friends of Oahe" is a secret organization, in that it refuses to disclose its contributors and requires an oath of fidelity to the project from its members. These members include a few showcase farmers, but the vast majority are Chamber of Commerce types eyeing Oahe-generated profits. At least one prominent member openly defends his contribution to "Friends" as good business: C.A. Kearns of Sioux Falls gave $20,000 in the interests of his heavy-equipment firm and Caterpillar, Inc. For him it was a good investment, considering the prospect of $400 million worth of construction.

By contrast, the UFF made its own records public, revealing that more than 90 percent of its members were farmers and that 91 percent of its money came from local contributors in small amounts. The rumor the "Friends" had started about "big UFF money from Texas" (with its insidious thirst for South Dakota water) turned out to be a contribution of $5 from a former South Dakotan who planned to move back.

The battle continued into March of 1975, when the UFF got a resolution before the state legislature to declare a moratorium on further Oahe construction until the various social, economic and environmental questions were answered. Supporting the UFF in this and other efforts were the South Dakota Environmental Coalition, the South Dakota Wildlife Federation, The Farm Bureau, The League of Women Voters and a number of other groups. Opposing them were the "Friends," the state administration and George McGovern. The moratorium lost on a close 37-to-34 vote. A compromise resolution passed the House overwhelmingly but was killed in committee by the state Senate.

Later that year, conversation in South Dakota turned to heated talk about a real referendum on the project. Once again, McGovern rode both sides of the issue at once. In Congress, he pressed on for expanded appropriations funding; to farmers like Delwin Hofer, he wrote soothing letters like this: "I would prefer a referendum on the project within the Conservancy Sub-District area. I think that this is the most democratic way of determining once and for all what the people of the project area really want. . . . In any event, I think the people should ultimately decide." Ken Holum and "Friends" openly opposed the idea, making what Sen. James Abourezk, who openly supported it, later called "a serious strategic error in flatly opposing a referendum."

In September 1975, McGovern announced that "the state legislature must make the decision on whether or not to authorize a referendum." But once the state Attorney General cleared the way legally and a referendum resolution reached the legislature in early 1976, McGovern then lobbied against it, warning that "emotionalism" was clouding the vital need to proceed on the project immediately lest the state lose all. The referendum issue failed, again by a close vote. "McGovern supported the idea of a referendum until it looked like there might actually be one," claimed UFF President George Piper, "and then he worked against it." McGovern killed off any further talk about a referendum that summer by announcing that one held that late would jeopardize Oahe's inclusion in President Ford's new budget.

Another unsuccessful approach taken by the UFF in 1976—unsuccessful in all respects except it gained the group still more public support—was to testify against the Oahe appropriations bill that McGovern was trying to move through Congress. More than 100 family farmers drove, at their own expense, from South Dakota to Washington to make themselves heard. "I never thought I'd see the day when I would have to come to Washington to ask Congress not to give me something," testified Art Fischbach of Mellette, S.D., "but here I am." But by then the UFF had lost its case in court and things looked bleak. The main pumping plant had already been built, the first canal cuts were starting, and still more land was being condemned.

Having failed at everything else, the UFF's last hope was the November 1976 elections. The other six seats on the Oahe board, all controlled by pro-Oahe members, were up for re-election. If the UFF could win even half of them, they'd then have a majority within the administrative entity set up to promote Oahe in the first place. The pro-Oahe, complacent from all their earlier victories and the persuasive power of McGovern's last-minute "Water Show" on October 30, were shocked when the UFF won not a mere half of the seats but five out of six, all but one by more than 60 percent of the vote. With an eight out of eleven majority, they could stop the project entirely if they chose. The people had had their referendum after all.

The UFF may once again be celebrating too soon. McGovern still supports the project as being in the public interest, even if against the public's will, and it is possible that he and Oahe's remaining "friends" could even now bypass the new board at either the county or state level—but it is not likely, for to do so would surely destroy Oahe's last vestiges of democratic respectability. Senate Bill 246, now before the South Dakota legislature with the backing of McGovern, would set up a council in the governor's office to carry out the Oahe project, thus in effect stripping the Sub-District of its control. A related Senate bill would jerrymander the Sub-District in favor of local towns and cities, where support for the project is greater.

For the time being, the farmers are in the driver's seat, reviewing the whole affair and especially getting information they have previously been denied. They are not yet determined to kill the project entirely; it may still have a future on a much reduced scale for limited functions like municipal water supplies. But they can now insist that its most obnoxious features will have to go. For beleaguered citizen groups everywhere, theirs is a sweet and inspiring victory. In South Dakota, at least, the Bureau of Reclamation will no longer have carte blanche.

Nor will George McGovern. For in trying to please everybody on Oahe, he managed to please nobody. The farmers feel he has betrayed them and worked against

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their interests. His liberal urban supporters now have reason to question his belief in democracy, and his respect for the average person's thinking. To his new conservative business friends, who never really liked him anyway, he is a man who failed to bring home the pork. In South Dakota, this doesn't seem to leave much of a constituency for 1980.

To understand his tailspin on Oahe, it helps to remember, as McGovern does, those agonized scenes from the dustbowl of the 1930s. "The first day I knew that big men cried," he recalls for biographer Robert Sam Anson, "was the day my father and I arrived to hunt pheasants at the home of one of my boyhood heroes. . . . In his hand he held a check he had just received in payment for all his hogs. It was barely enough to pay the trucker who took them to market."

McGovern never forgot those "blowing winds that sometimes made the noonday sun as black as midnight," or "the anxious faces of the farmers scanning the sky for rain that did not come." Scenes like this were what animated the thinking of McGovern, Ken Holum, Stan Jones, George Cunningham and the other Young Turks who rebuilt the South Dakota Democratic Party in the 1950s. Irrigation, rural electrification, public works and above all Progress . . . it was a shared vision forged by the New Deal. The dustbowl must never be allowed to happen again. It is still a good and well-motivated vision—when people are included too.

It also helps to understand that McGovern has always been more concerned with abstractions than particulars. Beyond the Food for Peace Program, biographer Anson says, "the rest of agriculture seemed to bore him." "McGovern does not have a detailed grasp of the farm problem," adds former aide Ben Strong: "He is not a close student of the gears and wheels and machinery that make a program work. He has got a preoccupation with the broad strokes of turning policy in a particular direction. He needs people around him who know the details." The people around him on Oahe, as in the 1950s, are men like Ken Holum and George Cunningham, whose minds were also made up thirty years ago. It doesn't seem to matter that the farmers' minds have changed. □

AFTER FRANCO'S FORTY YEARS

THE POPULAR ARTS IN SPAIN

STANLEY MEISLER

Madrid

"Finally! After Forty Years!" Those phrases, or others like them, have headlined innumerable advertisements on the entertainment pages of Madrid newspapers for more than a year. Copywriters may be tired of playing variations on the clichés, but they are still a sure way to attract Spaniards to a play, a movie, a song, a book. Spaniards will spend their money to take in almost anything they could not see or read or hear when Francisco Franco was alive.

There still is censorship in Spain, much of it confused and pigheaded, but the breakthrough has come. Since Franco died in November 1975, Spaniards have seen plays by the Communists Rafael Alberti and Bertolt Brecht, movies brimming with nudes or politics, books that belittle Franco—at least a bit, flamenco music that eulogizes labor leaders. Not all the arts have taken part: the government-run television is as banal and vapid as ever, and, since Franco did not understand it enough to care, Abstract art had its breakthrough years ago.

The excitement may have suspended judgment. If an advertiser can label his wares with "Finally! After Forty Years!," nothing else seems to matter. Playwright Francisco Nieva complained recently that impresarios were ignoring his best play. Since it had been approved by Franco's censors, the impresarios suspected it could not be any good. "For some Spaniards," Nieva said, "prohibitions are the spice of life."

In the old days, a Madrid theatre season was concocted of safe classics, musical revues and sterile plays that had government approval. The 1976-77 season, the first of the post-Franco era, has been concocted of classics, revues and polemic plays that have the approval of the Left. Federico Garcia Lorca, the Republican martyr of the Spanish Civil War, Alberti, the Communist poet in exile, and Antonio Buero Vallejo, a playwright imprisoned by Franco, have dominated the season. Critic Angel Fernandez Santos wrote recently that "one of the worst routines of the past has survived—allowing the theatre to be used for political manipulation."

The success of the Alberti play, *El Adefesio* (The Hideous), illustrates the problem. Opening night was more political than cultural. Communist leaders Marcelino Camacho, Ramón Tamames and Simón Sanchez Montero stood out conspicuously among the first-nighters. Critic Miguel Bilbatua wrote that some theatregoers were startled "to see the jersey of Marcelino or the horn-rimmed glasses of Sanchez Montero next to the minks and spangles of the starlets."

Alberti, now 74, wrote the play in the 1940s; it had been banned ever since. Maria Casares returned from almost forty years of exile in France to play the leading role. Her father was Premier of the Spanish Republic when the Civil War broke out, and she had left with him as a child after Franco's victory. She trained as an actress in the French language, joining the *Comédie*

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Française and other companies of the French stage. At the curtain call on opening night, she read some verses written by Alberti for the occasion. The audience applauded enthusiastically in a symbolic welcome home for the two long-absent artists of the Left.

But the play itself did not measure up to the welcome. Many critics dismissed it as dull, slow-moving and confusing, more of a poem than a play. Juan Antonio Hormigón, whose adaptation of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* ran earlier this season, said that Alberti's play "is not a work of great interest for the Spain of today." He complained testily that the success of *El Adefesio* and plays like it show that "even blood, exile, jail and democracy can be bought and sold and turned into good profits."

Yet the critics may have missed some significance. The Alberti play did touch a theme much on the minds of Spaniards today—repression. The play described a household dominated by a repressive woman. Almost all the plays of interest this season have dealt with repression, the challenges to it or escape from it. That is not surprising in a country shaking off almost four decades of authoritarian rule, and it is no accident that Hormigón chose *Julius Caesar*, not *Hamlet*, as his Shakespearean offering this year.

The theme of repression was at the heart of probably the best-known Spanish play on stage this year, Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*, written in 1936 shortly before Lorca's murder by followers of Franco. Under pressure from his international reputation, the government did allow performances of the play in Madrid in 1964. The production then, however, was tamer than the one this season. Much like the Alberti play, *The House of Bernarda Alba* is based on a matriarch's repressive domination of a household. To accentuate her power, director Angel Facio, a former professor of history, gave the role to a male actor, whom Bernarda dressed somewhat like a mother superior, with an enormous cross dangling on his chest and with hairy arms protruding from his black robes. "I wanted to personify repression in all its forms," Facio said, "and as we live in a *macho* society, it is better to incarnate that society with a man."

The theme of repression dominated other plays. Buero Vallejo's *The Double Story of Doctor Valmy*, which failed seven times to pass the censors in the Franco era, dealt with police torture in a mythical land called Surelia that everyone knew was Spain. *The Emigrants* by Polish exile Slawomir Mrozek told of an intellectual and a laborer who had fled from a dictatorship. Brecht's *Galileo* fitted the pattern in an obvious way. A play with a similar plot will open soon: Alfonso Sastre's *Miguel Servet: the Blood and the Ashes*, based on the life of a Spanish scientist who was burned at the stake for heresy in the 16th century.

Other plays poked fun at authority. The Lope de Vega Company attracted full houses for its revival of *The Horns of Don Friolera*, written by Ramón del Valle Inclán in 1925 but never allowed a performance. It savagely satirizes the exaggerated code of honor of the Spanish army. Francisco Nieva, who failed to find a producer for his play that was not banned, found a producer for another that, he said, "could not be presented before the death of Franco." This play, *The Carriage of Hot Lead*, had a fanciful plot: a homosexual Bourbon King, impregnated by a bullfighter, gives birth to a cranky child who symbolizes the typical Spaniard.

The excitement of the season was probably exaggerated because of the barrenness that preceded it. Even before it began in September, critic Bilbatua wrote, "A season is coming in which we are going to consider extraordinary what should have been habitual." Moreover, the season hardly reflected any vitality on the part of contemporary Spanish playwrights. Of the twenty-five productions on stage during the week of November 22, probably the height of the season, eleven were imports from other countries, seven were Spanish musical revues, three (by Lorca, Alberti and Valle Inclán) were Spanish plays written thirty to fifty years ago. Only four were contemporary Spanish works.

Playwrights blame this on censorship which, though easing, continues. Playwright Luis Matilla said recently, "I believe nothing has changed fundamentally. They have approved some 'difficult' works, but just to give the appearance of change." Critic José Martín estimated that thirty Spanish playwrights still have all or most of their work banned in Spain. The best known is Fernando Arrabal, who, at 43, is looked on by some critics as the most exciting playwright now working for the French stage. Arrabal first left Spain in 1955, returned in 1967 but was then deported for writing what the regime considered an inflammatory article. Martín has described Arrabal as "the most banned author in these last forty years." Franco kept his stages free of the leading Spanish contemporary playwright, and Paris was the gainer.

But even here change is expected. The censors of the Ministry of Information have approved plans for a production of Arrabal's *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria*. Tryouts are planned in Barcelona this spring, with production in Madrid scheduled for next fall. "Francoism created a theatre of silence," Arrabal said recently in Paris. The performance of his own plays in Spain, Arrabal went on, would signal the end of that silence.

It is more difficult to make post-Franco sense out of the movie scene. In 1976, 108 new Spanish-made films were shown in Madrid, a more or less average total for Spain in the 1970s. Many, of course, were made and submitted to censorship before Franco died. This is true, in fact, of the two that attracted the most outside notice—Carlos Saura's *Cria Cuervos* (Raise Ravens), a sensitive portrayal of an orphan child that won the 1976 special jury prize at Cannes, and Ricardo Franco's *Pascual Duarte*, a bleak description of rage and violence that earned José Luis Gómez the Cannes prize for best acting. Neither movie owed anything to the death of Franco.

Other, less significant, movies told more about the new tastes. Ana Belén, a beautiful and skilled 26-year-old actress and folk singer, probably attracted the most attention with *The Petition*. Directed by a woman, Pilar Miró, the movie, with much gusto, denigrated men into weak, vulnerable and stupid victims. But the audiences did not crowd the theatre to cheer this attack on *machismo*. They came to see Miss Belén nude.

In the most discussed scene of the year, Miss Belén,

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during a protracted and energetic sexual intercourse, accidentally kills her partner by turning him over with such force that his head smashes against an iron bedpost. Not realizing that she is now on her own, she keeps at it until she reaches orgasm. The issues, argued often in newspaper columns and in bars, were many: was it physiologically possible? Was Ana Belén performing intercourse on camera or only simulating it? Did her husband, folk singer Victor Manuel, substitute for the male lead at the most intimate moments? The censors had tried to cut most of the scene out, but director Miró stood her ground and in this post-Franco era she won. Spain has caught up to where the rest of the world was in the days that brought forth *Last Tango in Paris.* Sex in movies is a wonder, a shock, almost a requirement. Even the horror films have nude vampires.

Today, however, social-political commentary does almost as well as sex. Jaime Chavarri attracted a good deal of attention and packed houses with his *The Disenchantment.* It is, in many ways, a bad movie. The family of the late Francoist poet Leopoldo Panero sit and talk at the cameras for the full length of the feature. Gradually, a picture emerges: Panero, a minor poet, was also a lousy father. His sons were driven to drink, drugs and psychiatrists. Although his widow defends him, he probably was a poor husband, as well. An American audience might find the theme rather old hat. But for a Spanish audience it has the same shock value as Ana Belén's sexual gymnastics. Under Franco, the Spanish family was a sacred institution, never to be attacked. Now, not only are the fissures of a family exposed, but the family chosen for exposure is that of an Eagle Scout of Francoism.

Basilio Martín Patino has attracted even more Spaniards to his movie, *Songs for After a War.* It is a delightful, high-camp montage of the first two decades of Francoism made from old movies, newsreel clips, television shows and still photos, against the background music of popular songs of those times. Martín Patino finished it in 1971 but failed to convince the censors that it was inoffensive enough for Franco Spain. It is hard now to see why. There is almost no political commentary. Perhaps the juxtaposition of nostalgia and poverty offended the men around Franco.

Spaniards are also seeing foreign movies that would not have been shown while Franco was alive. After almost four decades of the great dictatorship, movie houses have finally shown Chaplin's *The Great Dictator.* It was never exactly banned, but until now no one dared submit it to the censors. Seeing the blusterings of dictator Hynkel with a Spanish audience can be an exciting experience. Spaniards relate to the movie in a way that American audiences probably cannot. Every bit of slapstick that exposes the pretensions of Hynkel provokes extraordinary waves of laughter. At the end, when the little Jewish barber, also played by Chaplin, makes an eloquent plea for peace and brotherhood and democracy—a scene derided by American critics as pure corn—the Spaniards break into fervent applause.

But there still is much that the censors will not allow on the Spanish scene. Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris,* Luis Buñuel's *Viridiana,* Alain Resnais's *La guerre est finie,* Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Decameron* are

Emilio G. Caba and Ana Belén in The Petition

a few examples. French border towns cash in on this by staging festivals of banned movies with Spanish subtitles.

Folk singers probably have more trouble with officialdom in Spain than do playwrights or movie directors. By *folk,* an English word now used by Spaniards, the singers mean protest songs, somewhat like the music made popular in the United States by Joan Baez and Bob Dylan. The music began to develop in the late 1960s, mainly in the Barcelona area. At first the singers followed the ideas and musical structures of American and other foreign songs. Gradually, however, some singers began to look toward Spanish folkloric music for ideas and sounds.

One singer, Manuel Gerena, probably uses the most distinctive protest music in the world, for he has adapted flamenco to politics. In wailing tones that seem to twist his face in pain, Gerena pays tribute in one flamenco to Marcelino Camacho, the Communist leader of the illegal trade union known as the Workers Commissions. "Long live the light of your eyes. Long live your heart so great. Long live your words, comrade of my blood," Gerena sings. Such music annoyed the minions of Franco before and annoy the minions of the post-Franco era now.

The government of King Juan Carlos and Premier Adolfo Suarez has not been sure how to handle *folk.* Two of its traits irk officials. First, folk has a strong regional flavor. Many singers, for example, sing in Catalan, the old language of Catalonia. Administrators and police, holdovers from an era when Catalan was banned, become enraged when it is flaunted by these singers. Second, almost every songfest seems to turn into a leftist political rally. The songs, of course, have a leftist slant, but most songfests feature as many political speeches as songs. Regional and leftist banners wave throughout the ses-

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sions. There seems to be no set policy. Some provincial governors ban *folk* festivals; others do not. Some governors require a program script and then fine the singers if they deviate. The governor of Barcelona is usually more tolerant of *folk* than the governor of Madrid. Perhaps that reflects the intensity of feeling about *folk* in Barcelona. On the other hand, it may only reflect the personal tastes or fears of the governors.

In 1976, authorities fined the organizers of a six-hour recital $30,000 for "acts against public decency" and other offenses, fined a Basque singer $750 for using "tendentious phrases," detained Gerena for three days when he defied a ban on one of his concerts in Andalusia by singing anyway, and broke up a Gerena second concert that displeased them. These are only a few examples. The government seems more tolerant toward *folk* in 1977, but some concerts are still banned.

Publishers fight the same censorship battles as folk singers. In theory, Spain has freedom of the press; but the government, if it is offended by a published work, can seize it and fine or jail its author and publisher. The government also has the power to suspend a periodical for several months, a sure way to drive it out of business.

Despite constant official sniping, publishers, much like the movie industry, are taking advantage of the death of Franco to exploit sex and politics. The kiosks and bookstores now display ribald Spanish classics of the 18th century, erotic comic books that tell you what really happened to Snow White when she fell in with those seven horny old dwarfs, and a dizzying display of girlie magazines. The girlie magazines seem to feature *Playboy* and *Lui* rejects who do not reveal as much. The government, faced with more girlie magazines sprouting whenever it squelched one, finally gave up and decided to allow them if the kiosks covered them with cellophane wrappers. This discourages indecent browsing but allows anyone with money to stare at the pictures at home.

The publishers have not come out with any strident attacks on Franco, but the best-selling book in Spain last fall was the diary of Franco's military aide and cousin, Lieut. Gen. Francisco Franco Salgado-Araujo, who portrayed the *Caudillo* as a cold, limited, provincial man more fitted for hunting and fishing than for running a state.

It is too early to judge what careful craftsmen can make of fiction in the relative tolerance of the post-Franco era. As in theatre and the film, subject matter now seems more important than art in the novel. The 1976 Planeta Prize, a prestigious literary award, was won by Jesus Torbado for a fanciful novel that begins with Franco losing the Spanish Civil War and fleeing to Cuba. It may be a work of art, but it is hard to suppress the suspicion that the shock appeal probably overwhelmed all concerns about art in the minds of the judges. But Torbado could not have won that award for his novel a year earlier; he could not even have had it published. At the moment, that is the difference that matters in Spain—not only in fiction but in all the arts. □

ADS INSULTING WOMEN

'A LONG WAY TO GO, BABY'

JOSEPH J. SELDIN

Women have objected for years to the image of their sex in magazine and newspaper ads, but primarily in radio and TV commercials, as ninnies, sex objects and breeders of children. Their complaints are corroborated by several recent studies in business-connected research journals. As charged by feminists, the studies find that most print ads and commercials portray women according to four stereotypes: women's place is in the home; women do not make important decisions or do important things; women are dependent and need male protection; men regard women primarily as sex objects, and are not interested in them as people. If not downright offensive, the roles of women in the ads are considered at least unflattering.

Ten years ago the National Organization for Women (NOW) was formed to fight for women's equal rights; chapters were soon operating across the country. Women by the thousands—and men—joined the fight, with several religious and other organizations also enlisting. As one aspect of equal rights, a NOW study of 1,241 commercials determined that overwhelmingly they portrayed women as involved only in household tasks; less than 0.5 percent showed women as individuals leading independent lives of their own. NOW scoffed at the image of women whose lives were fulfilled between the kitchen and the bedroom.

A *Redbook* survey of its readers found three-quarters of the respondents agreeing that women appeared in the ads primarily as sex objects or mindless dolls. Some 40 percent of a *Good Housekeeping* consumer panel found many commercials "offensive to women." In off-the-cuff remarks, a United Nations official confided to the Advertising Women of New York that, judging from the ads, it seemed nothing could be sold without some feminine nudity.

Reacting to the commercial interest in the new woman, American Motors went to women in the auto industry for suggestions on how to influence women's car-buying decisions. Recurring pieces of advice were, "stop

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selling cars with sex and status appeals" and "give women credit for being interested in economical and mechanical considerations." The growing importance of the women's movement was felt by Procter & Gamble, when the United Presbyterian Church, in coalition with twenty-five other Protestant and Catholic groups holding in all 130,000 shares of P&G stock, asked the company to provide stockholders with a report on the women's image as projected in company ads. P&G turned down the request, arguing that, since more than 90 percent of their products are bought by homemakers, the home becomes the natural setting for ads—and that, anyhow, there is nothing demeaning in the role of homemaker. Colgate-Palmolive at its last annual meeting had to beat down a resolution by two stock-owning religious orders aimed at advertising stereotypes.

A recent report by the advertising-connected Behavior Research Institute was keyed to the "vast difference between the real female consumer and that casual assessment made by many advertisers." And the National Advertising Review Board (NARB), a creature of the ad agencies, counseled a careful examination of ads to eliminate sexism because, aside from any consideration of fairness, the growing women's movement could only lead to a stepped-up attack on advertising.

A few agencies even invited NOW representatives to discuss specific grievances, and subsequently NOW offered the entire advertising industry some do's and dont's for preparing ads. Don't show women who are expected to buy a product as stupid, weak, incompetent or trivial. Don't use women as sex objects but treat them as people who think and feel. Remember, women are wives and mothers, but they are also employees, students, professionals, community leaders. In children's ads, show boys and girls, men and women, in various work-and-play situations, to avoid implanting stereotypes in impressionable young minds.

Ms. magazine is always on the lookout for ads that "treat women as people," and is said to have turned down sizable revenue because of objectionable ad content. A particularly sticky case concerned a Virginia Slims ad. The parent company is celebrated in women's circles for supporting women's tennis, employing women as salespeople, and subsidizing women's opinion polls. But the slogan for the cigarette, "You've Come a Long Way, Baby," turned off many women. According to *Ms.*, it cost the magazine $80,000 in revenue and the bemused disapproval of Billie Jean King, star of Virginia Slims tennis tournaments, to reject the ad.

Early in the struggle, NOW established a Barefoot & Pregnant Award of the Week for Advertising Degrading to Women. It was bestowed on, among other companies, Parker Pen for an ad headlined, "You might as well give her a gorgeous pen to keep her checkbook unbalanced with." Other advertisers found that their ads were being cut out and mailed back to them with NOW's "This ad insults women" stickers affixed.

The scene was thick with objectionable ads. Among them: Iberia Airline's "This nice blonde will romance you all the way to Spain"; Dictaphone's "Our new line of calculators goes through its final ordeal. The dumb blonde test"; Chemical Bank's "We have a pretty girl who won't let you get in the wrong line"; Continental Airline's "We really move our tail for you"; Black Velvet whiskey featuring a sexpot in low-cut velvet; Minute Rice assuring the fumbling housewife of "perfect rice every time"; Maxim freeze-dried coffee showing a father and son trimming sails on their 40-foot sloop while mother in the galley cheerfully serves up coffee on demand; Winchester little cigars with its "Winchester was here" theme showing a hat hung on a bedpost. Judged by the angry response from women around the country, a leading contender as America's most objectionable ad was National Airlines' "I'm Cheryl . . . Fly Me" campaign.

Applying the carrot-and-stick approach, NOW also praised ads that presented women as human beings dealing intelligently with human problems. These included the Duz commercial in which a housewife explains her family's difficulties in making ends meet; Smirnoff's couple enjoying nonsexual activities; Tang's female Marine biologist drinking orange juice with her family; National Bank of North America's campaign soliciting trade from the new female customers and its direct mail theme, "We give women a lot of credit"; Champion spark plug, Dewar's Scotch, and Bethlehem Steel for specific ads portraying women at work or play in nonsexist roles.

A big bouquet went to American Honda Motor Company for its four-color ads attacking myths about women car buyers. In double-spread ads, headlined "Why a man (woman) buys a Honda Civic," the left page featuring a man and his Honda, the right page featuring a woman and her Honda, fifteen identical reasons were listed on each page. Follow-up ads, attacking myths such as, "Women only drive automatic transmission," and "Women don't understand rack-and-pinion steering," concluded that, "The truth is, women buy cars for pretty much the same reasons men do."

Feminists have a long way to go, though, before they persuade all of Madison Avenue to depict men and women as equals. First, women will have to gain greater economic parity with men. While it is true that in life expectancy, education and employment women have taken huge strides in recent decades, the income gap between men and women continues to widen. The Census Bureau reports that in 1970 the median income for a working woman was $6,957, only 57 percent of the $12,152 the typical male took home that year. Four years earlier, the average working woman made $5,440, or 59 percent of the $9,184 median income for men. Thus, although the working woman is taking home more pay, she seems to be falling behind in the income race with the working man.

Although women today constitute about 39 percent of the labor force, they also hold about 65 percent of the lowest-paying jobs. In fact, fewer than 0.5 percent earn $10,000 or more a year. As more women join the labor force they take the traditionally low-pay female jobs such as secretaries, stenographers, typists, retail sales. Relatively few women are professionals and of them only

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about 2 percent achieve high income as engineers, lawyers, doctors, in contrast to about 30 percent of the male professionals. The Census Bureau notes that women college graduates earn, on the average, less than men who have only a high school education.

However, advertisers are learning to respect the effect of the woman's paycheck on the family income. A number of marketing studies have established that working women serve more alcoholic beverages, take more vacations, buy more cars, dine out more frequently, and spend more money on clothing for themselves than do nonworking women. Having less time to devote to cooking and cleaning, they are ready to pay for the convenience of high-priced items such as frozen dinners, freeze-dried coffee and dishwasher detergents. And as they enter the labor force they begin to take greater interest in affairs outside the home. *Time* magazine reports that its female readership has increased by 68 percent in the last ten years—the mix is now 57 percent men to 43 percent women. The magazine attributes this shift to the fact that women are becoming "more involved in politics and current affairs," rather than to any readership drive directed to women.

Is the advertising community to be held accountable for the inferior image of women perpetuated in the ads? The standard argument to be heard in the corridors of many agencies is that advertising is a reflection of society, not a shaper of society. Feminists call this a "cop-out" that ignores the image making and reinforcing of images represented by the advertising budgets of only the top 100 national advertisers, who spent a record $6.4 billion in 1975. Procter & Gamble, the nation's biggest spender, had an advertising budget of $360 million.

In support of the feminist viewpoint, the NARB concludes in its report on advertising portraying women or directed to them that, "Advertising must be regarded as one of the forces molding society." Agencies are urged to update ads and make them more effective by depicting women more responsibly. The report's most telling warning to the advertising community is that the failure to eliminate sexist ads is counterproductive. Insulting ads do not generate sales.

Banks and food processors, among other advertisers, seem to be pioneering an advertising approach to women. Many fragrance ads, traditionally the home of sexy pitches, are banning that appetite in favor of other satisfactions. Other advertisers are experimenting with unisex approaches.

In recent years, partly as a result of feminist prod, educators have rewritten textbooks to eradicate sexual stereotypes. The Census Bureau has dropped gender from perhaps fifty job titles. A Presidential order now prohibits sex discrimination by federal contractors. Although not many as yet, there are women truck drivers, welders, fire fighters, bus drivers, and holders of other jobs previously considered suitable only for men. It is safe to say that pressure on advertisers and ad agencies will continue to rise. □

THE UNIONS AND CARTER

Prospects for Labor-Law Reform

WILLIAM B. GOULD

For forty-two years, federal labor law has sustained the right of workers to organize themselves in unions and to designate who shall represent them in collective bargaining. The law (commonly referred to as the National Labor Relations Act or the Wagner Act) was amended —first in 1947 (the Taft-Hartley Act) and again in 1959 (the Landrum-Griffin Act)—in ways primarily intended to restrict the functions of organized labor. Numerous Democratic Party platforms have called for the removal of some of the more onerous amendments, but these planks have proven to be no more than words. Even the Democratic administrations of the 1960s failed to carry out their campaign pledges in this respect, partly because Southern and conservative elements in the party united with the Republicans to thwart such efforts. In addition, friends of labor who would favor the repeal of anti-union legislation like Taft-Hartley's Section 14(b), which permits states to enact "right-to-work" laws, have feared that such amendments could backfire, opening the way to enactment of even more repressive restrictions.

But the election of President Carter, with both houses of Congress solidly Democratic, has revived the issue. Attention is now focused upon both the repeal of Section 14(b) (during his campaign the President said he would sign such a law, but would not push for it), and new common-situs legislation which would expand the rights of the building trades unions to picket construction sites. Former Secretary of Labor John Dunlop resigned from President Ford's Cabinet on the ground that Ford had reneged on a promise to support that legislation—and that fact, along with the political power of the construction unions in the AFL-CIO, seems to have made common-situs a priority goal for the federation. However, the House defeat of common-situs on March 23, by a 217-to-205 vote, has made its passage unlikely this year.

While labor's first concern in 1977 is jobs (the AFL-CIO has already expressed its dissatisfaction with Carter's two-year, $31.2-billion economic package), the fact that legislation to promote basic organizational interests was not first on the federation's agenda makes it doubtful,

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after the surprise rejection of the common-situs bill, that any labor-management legislation will pass during this session of Congress. Nevertheless, the AFL-CIO has stated that it does not intend to throw in the towel on labor-law reform and the independent United Auto Workers feels so strongly about organizing the South that it has negotiated a neutrality pledge from General Motors for representation campaigns in that company's unorganized plants.

If there is to be reform in this session, its most likely vehicle is H.R.77, the Labor Reform Act of 1977, introduced in January by Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations. But H.R.77, which is designed to speed procedures at the National Labor Relations Board and to make more difficult unfair labor practices by employers, has thus far given way to both common-situs picketing legislation and the repeal of Section 14(b). The first of these has already been rejected and the second does not seem promising at the moment, since hearings will start in the Senate, where forty votes from the twenty right-to-work states make even a majority for repeal questionable, let alone a vote for cloture. This ordering of priorities shortchanges unions that could build up their membership rolls and, by so doing, bring into the labor movement the previously excluded groups that make up the working poor, a disproportionate percentage of whom are racial minorities and women. (American unions lag behind all industrialized countries except Japan in the percentage of the work force organized. And although the national percentage of the work force organized is 26.2 percent, in Strom Thurmond's South Carolina it is 8 percent, and the highest percentage in the South is Tennessee's 18.7 percent.)

The Thompson bill addresses a situation that has become scandalous with the passage of time. It would attempt to diminish administrative delay in labor disputes, a matter related to the unions' poor organizational record in the rapidly industrializing "sunbelt," and provide effective remedies for workers who are discriminated against for engaging in the right to bargain collectively that has been theirs since 1935.

The legal abuses are dramatized by the Southern recidivist tactics of J.P. Stevens & Co. which, according to NLRB data supplied during Representative Thompson's Oversight Hearings in 1975, had at that time ninety-six unfair labor practice cases pending before the board. But the same hearings showed similar management misbehavior in San Francisco, a union stronghold, where some corporation attorneys have attained new levels of sophistication for achieving delay. Even if such examples are extraordinary, it takes a year on the average for a complaint issued by its General Counsel to obtain redress before the five-member National Labor Relations Board in Washington. (The board is divided into a prosecuting side, the General Counsel, and a judicial side, the board members.) If an appeal is taken to court, the process can stretch to three or four years, by which time, to use the language of *Business Week*, "the worker is financially and emotionally exhausted."

Before the introduction of H.R.77, and of other similar proposals in previous sessions of Congress, imaginative union counsel proposed measures to deter future violations as well as to compensate their victims. It was noted that reinstatement and back pay are not an adequate response to employer tactics designed to break a union organizing drive. All too often the dismissed workers do not accept reinstatement when it is ordered because they have been sufficiently intimidated or discouraged; equally important, by the time reinstatement finally comes, the other workers have received the message that joining a union might well disrupt their economic and personal lives for months and months, as the legality of dismissals twisted its way slowly through the appellate courts. Under such circumstances, back pay is for the employer a tax-deductible "license fee" for union busting—the Supreme Court having taken the position that punitive damages are not authorized under the NLRA, and the board, over the objections of some union counsel, having declared itself not authorized to award damages other than back pay—that is, damages for deprivation of future opportunities or for losses incurred through repossessions of, or foreclosures on, property of those who were unlawfully deprived of their jobs.

Another variation on the same theme is the so-called *Excello* issue (185 NLRB 107). It arises when an employer who has been ordered to bargain with a union by virtue of a majority vote of the workers in an NLRB-conducted election simply refuses to do so, on the ground that the group of workers constitutes an inappropriate unit for bargaining, or for some other reason. The effect is to delay bargaining while the case goes through the courts, after which the workers have learned caution and the union is less able—and perhaps unable—to negotiate its first contract. The NLRB says that it cannot issue a "make whole" order which would give the workers the benefits they would have obtained had the union bargained when it was unlawfully prevented from doing so. Yet the heart of the problem is delay, because it creates the need for stiffer remedies. The Thompson bill addresses both issues—delay and remedy.

As Thompson noted on the floor of the House in January, "much of this delay is caused by what is essentially a two-tier system of adjudicating unfair labor practice complaints in the first instance. Under the present law, the decision on complaints must be made by the Board."

When the NLRB's General Counsel issues a complaint, its first hearing is before an administrative law judge who makes findings of fact—and the bulk of the approximately 30,000 that come before the board in a year involve discharge or discipline cases, where usually facts rather than the law are in dispute. In 1974, the board accepted the judges' findings in 61.5 percent of the cases, and the NLRB's own estimates are that less than full review of administrative law decisions by the board would save from 30 to 100 days in the process. Accordingly, Thompson's bill provides that the board may delegate almost complete authority to the administrative law judges.

Even more important is a provision in the Labor Reform Act which would obligate the regional director

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to hold representation elections within forty-five days of a union's petition to be certified as exclusive bargaining agent. As matters now stand, an election can hang for months, while questions about the scope of the unit and eligibility for voting are debated. Under the Thompson bill, certification of the union would take place and the parties would start bargaining unless and until the board found that its initial determination of the unit was in error, or unless decisions about who should vote and other such matters affected the outcome of the election. Moreover, when 55 percent of the workers designate a union as their bargaining representative by signing authorization cards, the union is to be certified without an election (that was the practice before the Taft-Hartley amendments).

These aspects of H.R.77 deal with the NLRB's part of the problem. But, as noted earlier, delays also pile up when appeals are taken from the board's findings. The present law authorizes the board to obtain such temporary relief as will preserve employment conditions ordered by the agency until a full hearing can take place before the court. In the case of a discharge, this would require reinstatement of the worker pending appeal. However, the board has been able to convince federal courts that they should provide such relief in only two of seventeen cases. Section 9 of the Thompson bill would automatically enforce the board's orders unless and until a court set it aside. Accordingly, an employer would have an incentive to move quickly through the courts or to adhere to the board's instructions.

Under existing law, the board also has authority, in situations where irreparable harm would be done, to seek temporary injunctions in federal district court prior to an unfair labor practice proceeding. But even when the courts have been hospitable to the board's attempt to obtain such injunctions (between August 1971 and July 1975, the board authorized eighty-five such actions and rejected 338 other requests), the process leading up to *filing* an injunction in federal district court is very slow. Under different provisions of the NLRA, when a union engages in allegedly unfair labor practices, such as secondary boycotts or unlawful picketing, the regional director is mandated to proceed into district court for an immediate injunction. But when it is the employer whose conduct is in question—the matter must be transferred to Washington, first to the General Counsel and then to the full five-member board. Thompson's bill would presumably encourage the courts to issue more injunctions because it provides guidelines for determining whether or not an injunction should be ordered on behalf of a union plaintiff.

However, the bill fails to address itself to the board's internal processes. Effective change in this area should include authority for the regional director to move ahead at the local level (perhaps in consultation with Washington) under the same kind of procedure that the statute establishes for certain unfair union practices referred to above.

In the area of remedies, H.R.77 establishes the availability of treble damages to unions and employees, as well as the authority to refuse government contracts to businesses and organizations that repeatedly and flagrantly violate the law. These will undoubtedly be two of the most controversial sections of the bill because of their severity. Yet it seems logical that these remedies, which are available in the antitrust and equal employment opportunity fields, should be part of the board's arsenal under the NLRA, although it may be that treble damages should be awarded only in the case of repeated wrongdoing.

The real question is whether the remedies will work. In the case of treble damages, it is quite possible that a number of managements will still find it profitable to engage in unlawful behavior despite the additional expense. And since the Labor Reform Act does not provide for the revocation of *existing* government contracts, that sanction may not be as awesome as is envisioned. (Incidentally, the record of law enforcement with respect to equal employment opportunity, where these penalties are available, is not particularly good.)

In the final analysis, the only effective remedy for a union is one that puts it in a position to obtain a collective bargaining agreement. It is the inability to get a first contract that, more than anything, has stimulated demands for reform of the present laws. My view is that, when all else fails, a collective bargaining agreement which contains the wages and benefits that prevail in the area should be imposed upon the parties. In hearings before the House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations, Jack Crowley, president of the San Francisco Labor Council, concurred in this view. He said: ". . . If the union wins an election, then there should be some sanction imposed upon the employer, if the employer has delayed the case at any stage of the proceeding. Such a sanction could include the awarding by the board of benefits to the employees represented by the union which are consistent with the contracts which the union has in the geographical area and the identical or similar industry in which the individual employer is involved."

One difficulty with all of this is that both unions and employers are less than enthusiastic about anything that smacks of compulsory arbitration, even though some unions recognize that it is the only effective remedy in many cases. It seems to have worked well in British Columbia and in other Canadian provinces as a way to get collective bargaining started.

Perhaps the most desirable reform of all would be to make *all* board decisions on representation and discharge final without judicial review. (That also is the law in British Columbia.) It deals most directly with the central matter of delay. However, the dilemma for the President and Congress is that a statute which contains tough penalties and speedy administrative procedures is vulnerable to attacks on the ground of constitutionality.

The Thompson bill is an important step in the direction of providing real remedies for workers who are not protected by collective bargaining. My judgment is that it needs to be strengthened if we are serious about our professed respect for the law, and the right of all workers to self-organization. During the coming weeks, the nation will see if the House's defeat of the common-situs bill has dealt both labor's credibility and H.R.77 a crippling blow. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Staying Power and the Glory

MICHAEL MEWSHAW

Nights are no longer so tender in Antibes. Although the village hasn't taken on the tawdriness of Miami Beach or the tackiness of southern Spain, it has, like every resort along the Côte d'Azur, changed drastically in the decades since Scott and Zelda were here amusing themselves and horrifying the French by smashing crystal, wrecking cars and falling down stairs. Perhaps it is simply that these days the rich aren't so different from you and me. In summer it seems half of Europe has descended on the Riviera, and tourists rattle into town on motorbikes and Renaults rather than in Rolls-Royces, and they stay in condominiums and threadbare *pensions* instead of at the Hôtel du Cap or private villas. Their rubber rafts and runabouts bob brazenly in the paths of mighty yachts, and their bodies, bared to the legal limit and basted with Bain de Soleil, have the impudence to turn as bronze as any jet setter's.

That evening as I left the Grande Corniche and headed for the coast, traffic advanced through the walls of Antibes like any army of ants. The maze of streets in the Old City was clotted with cars, choked with exhaust fumes, and as I circled past the port searching for a parking place, I noticed what the French refer to as the Coca-colonization of their country—hot dog stands, snack bars, and everybody regardless of age or shape dressed in blue denim.

On a quieter street occupied almost entirely by a modern apartment building, I found the address and pressed a buzzer. The door opened electronically, and from a bare, antiseptic lobby, the kind which gives a look of impermanence and impersonality to air terminals, I went up to meet the man who is often called the greatest living novelist in the English language.

Graham Greene is tall, well over 6 feet, and looks much younger than 73. If he does stoop slightly at the shoulders, it is not as if bowed by years but as though to incline his ear and listen closer. Only his eyes betray his age. Moist, large, and often fixed on something in the distance, they also seem sad. But then they have seen a lot. I apologized for being late, and blamed the traffic I had run into returning from an exhibition of Nicholas de Staël's painting in St. Paul de Vence.

"There's where he killed himself, you know." Greene waved through his living room, out the double doors, to a narrow balcony. But he was gesturing toward the squat fortress at the mouth of the harbor. "He jumped off the wall. It doesn't look high enough, but it worked."

He led me onto the terrace to have a look. Though we stood four or five floors above the street, the noise was nearly deafening, and we had to raise our voices.

"The traffic goes on until all hours," Greene lamented, "and everyone in the building has a barbecue on his balcony. They keep me up half the night chattering over their dinners. Some mornings I'm almost too tired to work."

What time did he start working? How long did he stay at it? I asked, sounding like the rawest amateur hoping to discover some secret in the details of his schedule.

"I'm usually awake by 6 and keep going until I have a hundred words. That means about five hours. I have to be strict with myself or I'd never get anything done. I used to write 500 words a day, but as I got older, I found that was too much. So I cut down to 300, then to 100, just to keep my hand in." When he smiled, his eyelids creased and the moistness of his pupils seemed about to spill out. "I never lose track of where I am. Sometimes I stop smack in the middle of a paragraph."

Difficult as this was to believe, Greene swore it was true. "Of course I used to work much faster. Back when I was young I liked to bring out a new book every year. It was a conscious reaction against the Bloomsbury people, most of whom seemed content to do a few things, build a huge reputation, and rest on it. But even then I always had to revise my novels again and again to get them right. Now it takes me years to finish a book and sometimes it still isn't right."

I remarked how strange it was that practice and experience didn't make life much easier for a novelist. "You'd think once a writer had been through it a few times and developed confidence in his talent. . . ."

"One has no talent," Greene interrupted. "I have no talent. It's just a question of working, of being willing to put in the time."

As we stared off silently at the fort where de Staël had killed himself, I thought about how Greene's modesty, his insistence on privacy, and his refusal to accept more than the most grudging credit for his accomplishments set him apart from so many writers of this century. He is roughly a contemporary of the flamboyant American authors, Fitzgerald and Hemingway, who are always associated with the south of France and with Gerald Murphy's enclave at Antibes. (The same generation produced Faulkner, Wolfe and Steinbeck.) In those days Hemingway had taken as his motto the French aphorism, *"D'abord, il faut durer."* To accomplish anything, one first had to last. And yet it is Greene, a discreet, self-effacing Englishman, who has lasted and continued to write—five hours, every day, 100 words—while others burned themselves out, died young, committed suicide, slipped into obscurity, or let themselves ossify into literary landmarks.

In 1973 when his most recent novel, *The Honorary Consul,* was published, it received worldwide acclaim and quickly became a best seller. But apart from the commercial and critical success, it was far more remarkable that a 69-year-old novelist was still performing at the height of his powers, still writing from first-hand experience about the Third World and revolution, still pursuing ultimate questions about life, death and belief. In a sense, *The Honorary Consul* can be seen as a companion piece to *The Power and the Glory,* a gauge of the political and philosophical distance the world has traveled in the last four decades. Whereas the priest in *The Power and the Glory* overcomes his cowardice and preserves his faith despite the religious persecution of a left-wing military dictatorship, the priest in *The Honorary Consul* becomes a revolutionary and abandons the Church which has allied itself with a right-wing military dictatorship.

The turnabout surprised some readers. "It shouldn't have," said Greene, whose sympathy has always been with individuals, not dogma. "The book doesn't contradict what I wrote earlier.

Michael Mewshaw's latest novel is Earthly Bread *(Random House).*

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It only expresses my feelings better. It's rather a relief not to have to be told that my best work lies thirty or forty years in the past. Every time I pick up a newspaper and read about another political kidnapping, I think *The Honorary Consul* may have been a few years ahead of the times."

Greene has long had this sense of timeliness, an instinct for stories which afterward seem prophetic, and a tropism for troubled corners of the world. In Africa, in Saigon and Hanoi, in Malaysia, in Haiti, in Central and South America, he has produced not only dozens of novels, short stories, and travel books but controversial articles on the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya, influential reviews of hundreds of movies and books, and interviews with Ho Chi Minh, Diem, and Castro, a record which even Oriana Fallaci would envy.

Age hasn't stopped Greene nor have success and celebrity compromised his integrity. He won't hustle his books and he refuses to withdraw to the comfortable embrace of one of the dozens of universities which have offered him sinecures.

From Greene's novels most readers know something of his experiences in revolutionary Mexico in the 1930s, wartime West Africa in the 1940s, more wars and insurrections in East Africa, Malaysia, Cuba and Indochina in the 1950s. But throughout the 1960s and on into the 1970s—Greene's 60s and 70s as well as this century's—he has continued to travel, to grow with the times rather than rail at them, and to put himself on the spot.

In 1967 he was in the Sinai pinned down by artillery fire across the Suez Canal. In August 1968 he hurried to Prague to support Dubcek and protest the Russian invasion. While other writers grumbled and wondered about general conditions in South America and the specific situation in Allende's Chile, Greene made it a point to go there every year, monitored as usual by the CIA. ("We're waiting for you," an American voice warned him by telephone his first night in Santiago.) Then in Autumn of 1973 when *The Honorary Consul* was about to appear in America, he refused to do a promotional tour and instead flew to South Africa where it had been arranged for him to hold secret meetings with various rebel groups.

It would be difficult to think of any author who has written more often and more effectively about the bankruptcy of colonial and post-colonial regimes, the abuses of political power, the threat of unrestrained intelligence agencies, and the repression of personal and religious beliefs, whether by the Left or the Right. In a world which likes to pay lip service to writers who are fiercely independent, politically *engagé*, and who risk great danger to do their jobs, no one except Solzhenitsyn—certainly not Hemingway, Camus, Malraux or Sartre—can make the kind of claims which, interestingly enough, Graham Greene declines to make for himself.

As the lights in Antibes began to blink on, we went inside. The living room walls were lined with books, but there was very little to suggest who lived there. Perhaps the personal memorabilia is in Greene's apartment in Paris or his house on Capri. Or then again, maybe he prefers to keep his personal life tucked away, his day-to-day existence unencumbered by the past.

While Greene mixed us each a Scotch and Perrier ("You Americans like ice, don't you?" This American did), I told him I had always enjoyed his books, but admired even more his energy, courage and commitment. He dismissed the compliment, saying straight out that he was a coward. He was frequently afraid and suffered from a long list of phobias. "I'm terrified of water, for example. Always have been. It's all I can do to splash my face in the morning and rinse away the shaving cream."

As he proceeded to tell of spending months in Tahiti, scuba diving every day in a vain attempt to conquer his fear, I pointed out what appeared obvious. It was a triumph of bravery to spend hours in the ocean if you were pathologically afraid of water. Greene shook his head. He was still a coward, he said, even though he'd forced himself to go diving. In a way it was a replay of his attitude toward his talent. Inverting the Biblical homily, Greene in effect claimed you couldn't judge him by his works but only by the weaknesses he felt within. Perhaps this paradigm of his reasoning explained the paradoxical nature of his fictional characters who have to be strong because they know they are weak, who are good because they are sinners.

After the discussion of cowardice, there came an uncomfortable moment and we quietly sipped our drinks. Greene has a reputation of resisting interviews, being uncooperative in conversation and chary of personal disclosures. It may simply be that people hold unrealistic expectations of writers and assume that anyone whose medium is language must be perfectly at ease in conversation. But the connection between the spoken and written word is tenuous at best, and many novelists, loquacious though they may be by nature, have learned the hard way to avoid idle conversation with journalists.

"It's gotten so I hate to say who I am or what I believe," Greene admitted. "A few years ago I told an interviewer I'm a gnostic. The next day's newspaper announced that I had become an agnostic."

For Greene, the anecdote appears to provide a more comfortable vehicle for exploring past experience and a most effective means of communicating with strangers. Certainly he is seldom as animated or interesting as when he is telling a story. When, to break the silence, I said I liked the painting on the wall behind his couch, he explained it had been a gift from Fidel Castro and suddenly we were launched for several hours.

Greene had visited Cuba while Castro and his men were fighting in the mountains, and through intermediaries, he managed to contact the rebels and arrange a meeting. When the interview went well, he asked if there wasn't some way he could return the favor, and Castro had said yes. Come back and talk again and bring warm clothing. It was cold in the mountains, especially at night, and his men were freezing.

Since Greene suspected he was being watched by Batista's police, he didn't see how he could smuggle supplies over the circuitous route to their rendezvous point. There was also the danger of compromising his journalist's neutrality.

But Castro convinced him he didn't need a truckload of contraband, just sweaters, pairs of socks and trousers. Greene could wear several layers of clothing and take them off after he arrived. Nobody would notice, and even if they did, Greene could claim he was cold. Weren't the English always cold, even in the tropics?

So each time he set out to meet Castro, Greene bundled up like an Eskimo, suffered through the sweltering heat of the lowlands, reached the mountains and molted a few layers of clothing, then returned to Havana pounds lighter.

Years afterward when Castro was in power, Greene came back for yet another interview, presumably more appropriately dressed for the occasion. It was then that Castro presented him the painting in gratitude for his help during the revolution.

I asked if Cuba had changed much, and he said, "Oh yes, for the average Cuban it's a far better place. But . . . well, it's too bad about Havana. It used to be such a lively city. Now it seems sort of dreary."

Then abruptly we were discussing Haiti. Perhaps there was a transition.

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If so, I was unaware of it. Yet I had no sense that Greene was taking tangents. For one thing, as an accomplished raconteur, he had the ability to control a listener just as skillfully as he sets up a reader. His hands in particular he used to good effect, clasping them in his lap, then letting them fly out at dramatic moments. For another thing there was a kind of cartographical logic to his vignettes and he connected distantly spaced dots on the map and circled the globe as unerringly as a latitudinal line.

I myself had once been in Port-au-Prince during what was described as an abortive coup. Electricity was cut throughout the city, tourists were hustled into their hotels, and ill-tempered troops patrolled the streets. Only later was it revealed that Papa Doc Duvalier, trapped in the bathroom during the course of a family squabble, had pressed an emergency button to signal his guards to rescue him from the john. As a comic Caribbean dictator, Duvalier might have been invented by Greene's friend, Evelyn Waugh—if, that is, Papa Doc hadn't been deadly as well as ridiculous.

"Did you know, I put him in the publishing business?" asked Greene. "After *The Comedians* came out Duvalier went into a rage and threatened to get revenge. But rather than order one of his voodoo priests to put a hex on me, he had somebody write up a crazy attack on me. A whole book of nonsense privately printed at Papa Doc's expense. I'm really rather proud of it. I went to a lot of trouble to get a copy and I wouldn't part with it for anything." He found the book and passed it to me. A collage of photographs, forged documents, and lunacy, it sought to portray Haiti as a tranquil and progressive paradise, and Graham Greene as inaccurate, dishonest and an infamous racist.

"I wish Papa Doc had come over to the British West Indies. I would have introduced him to a branch of my family, descendants of my ancestors who owned plantations there. They're black. One little boy has my name."

From his description of this bizzare meeting of the white Graham Greene and the black Graham Greene we moved, not unnaturally it seemed, to a discussion of movies. He still likes films but no longer sees as many as he did when he was a critic for the *Spectator*, and he doesn't much care to be around movie people. It's been years since he's taken the short drive up the coast to Cannes for the film festival. And yet, not long ago, he made a surreptitious screen debut.

Near Antibes François Truffaut shot *Day for Night*, a movie whose subject was essentially the difficulties of making a movie. As the original title suggested —*La nuit américaine* is the technique for filming night scenes during the day —Truffaut meant to show how cinematic verisimilitude depends on mechanical devices, how actors, for all their foibles, can produce art, and how illusion can lead to truth.

When one of the actors in the movie within the movie is killed, an insurance agent flies down from London to determine whether a claim should be paid and the film should proceed or be canned. The insurance agent has a bit part, but a pivotal one, and Truffaut, dissatisfied with all the professional actors available, put out a public call for an Englishman of a certain age. Graham Greene saw the advertisement and auditioned for the role under an assumed name. Truffaut was favorably impressed; this Englishman seemed authentic, just the sort to play a seedy calculating insurance agent.

Only later as Truffaut was watching the rushes did someone in the screening room moan, "My god, that's Graham Greene." At first Truffaut was angry and upset that during his light-hearted exploration of the relationship between illusion and reality, he had been duped, a victim of his own illusions. Then he was embarrassed that he hadn't recognized Greene, a writer whose work he admired. Truffaut telephoned, apologized profusely, and promised to cut the scene. But Greene said there was no need for apologies, he had enjoyed himself and wanted to be in the movie. In that case, Truffaut assured him, he could count on seeing his name in the credits.

No, Greene didn't want that either and made Truffaut swear he wouldn't mention his name. "I was curious to see if anyone would notice," Greene explained. "Very few did, and I was delighted by the secret."

Although *Day for Night* was released in the United States virtually at the same time *The Honorary Consul* was published, he never exploited the incident. Content to enjoy his secret, he called no press conferences, provided no self-serving leaks to news agencies. One can only surmise how another novelist might have acted under the same circumstances.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that I would eventually try to work the conversation around to Vietnam. Greene knew the country and conflict as few people did, having gone there before Dienbienphu and defined the tragedy taking shape for America long before the Marines arrived, before Tet and the truce and the spring of 1975's sudden unraveling. But at this subject, his volubility faltered. He could do an imitation of Diem's hysterically high-pitched laugh, and he told a final, self-deprecating tale, this one about his meeting with Ho Chi Minh, which had made him nervous beforehand so that he smoked a pipe of opium and went to the rendezvous stoned. Judging by the resulting interview, the opium must have sharpened his perceptions.

But as for the war itself, and America's military policy, he had little to say. What was there to say that he hadn't said before? In the opinion of most experts, *The Quiet American* is still the best novel about the war, and when one considers that it was published more than twenty years ago it seems all the more appallingly prophetic. So Greene would only repeat that he loved the Vietnamese and especially the city of Saigon which in those days had a laundered look each morning and smelled flowery and full of life. When asked if he'd like to go back, he said he preferred to remember it as it had been.

The scent of charcoal smoke had insinuated itself into the room. Out on the balconies everybody was barbecuing. It promised to be a long restless night and a difficult morning for Greene. As I got up to leave, I asked what he was working on now. I had waited until the end so he would feel free to duck the question. But he said he had recently picked up a novel which he had set aside years ago. Although he was making progress, he wasn't sure he would finish it or how it would turn out if he did. "I put the book away when that Kim Philby business blew up. I was well into it by then, but there are certain similarities between my plot and the Philby affair, and I didn't want anyone to think I had drawn on that. There has already been enough nonsense about my friendship with Philby. Perhaps now the novel can be read on its own terms."

As we headed for the door, he added that he was also collecting some of his autobiographical sketches. A sequel to *A Sort of Life*? I asked. Not exactly. Not exactly. Just isolated pieces and a few articles that still seemed worthwhile to him.

In the hall now, I said if the anecdotes he had told me were in the collection, it was bound to be a fascinating book.

"I don't know. Interesting experiences, fascinating people you meet in extraordinary places—of course that's all very enjoyable. But they don't make one a better writer and they don't always

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make for good books." As we descended in the elevator, Greene went on, "I sometimes think failure and boredom, the feeling of loneliness, of being flat and empty, have more influence on a novelist."

When we reached the lobby, we shook hands, and then I was out on the street, wondering about the final paradox Greene had presented. In the elevator he seemed to have been suggesting that although he wrote successful and compelling novels, it was out of a sense of failure and boredom; although he had led an exciting life, it was just an effort to overcome a feeling of hollowness and drift.

But it seemed to me Greene had indulged in self-deprecation one time too often. If anything had become clear that evening, it was that Graham Greene is a good man because he has always had a moral compass, a courageous man because he is willing to go where the compass points, and a gifted writer because he has the ability to make the reader understand and follow the compass too.

The town of Antibes may have changed since Fitzgerald, and all those who came after him, prowled this coast searching for some vision of grace and dignity that would endure after innocence ends. But Graham Greene has lasted and will last. □

Stevens Knotting His Tie

SOUVENIRS AND PROPHECIES: The Young Wallace Stevens. *By Holly Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $12.50.*

J. D. McCLATCHY

With his usual petulance, Arnold Schoenberg once exaggerated to a correspondent: "I should even have liked to observe how Mahler knotted his tie, and should have found that more interesting and instructive than hearing how one of our musical bigwigs composes on a 'sacred subject.'" The astute reader can sympathize with that impatience, and so substitute the names of our few major poets for Mahler's, and any of their imitators for "bigwigs." Likewise is the least gesture of a great artist more revealing and valuable than the deliberate strokes of his critics and camp followers. The recent publication of Virginia Woolf's autobiographical writings, *Moments of Being*, reminds one of how much more perceptive she was about herself than her biographers have been, even as her *Writer's Diary* draws us closer to the actual origins of her intentions and achievements than do the dry or muddled commentaries that scholars have heaped on her work.

Not that we need to have more than it is useful to know. Leon Edel, for instance, is surely right in his decision not to include everything—every thank-you note, every excuse or apology—in his edition of the Henry James letters now in progress. James's best letters are, of course, literature; his least were, in his own phrase, "the mere twaddle of graciousness."

But in the case of Wallace Stevens, we want anything because we have so little. James experienced the world so extensively, and Woolf recorded it so intimately, that we do not hesitate either to do without some private information or to value its accuracy the more highly. But, in Stevens, we have a man whose social and emotional life was so staid and uneventful, and whose records of it (notably in the 1966 publication of his *Letters*) are so flatly evasive, that we remain doubly intrigued and mystified. "I have no life except in poetry," he said, while insisting that poetry itself is "not personal"—the maddening paradox one is confronted by, and which Samuel French Morse's sketchy, bland biographical study (1970) only heightened. That is why one turns to Holly Stevens's edition of her father's early journals, eager for any sort of documentary evidence, yet wary of any real prospect of help. And the suspicions, sadly, hold true. I come away from this book knowing a bit more about the man and, in a sense, even less about the poetry than I did before.

Much of this material has previously appeared in the Stevens *Letters*—both the journal itself, which the poet kept intermittently from 1898 until 1912, and the letters to his wife, which Holly Stevens uses to fill out the later chapters of her text. But it is a relief to have it all here—all that remains, that is, since the journal was once sharply cut (with scissors!) either by Stevens or his wife, apparently deleting the more personal details of their relationship. The rest has been scrupulously—at times, even fussily—presented by Holly Stevens, whose commentary is useful as description and background. But when she speculates about the possible connections between the journal and the later poetry—treating the former as a kind of sourcebook—she seems wide of the mark. Too often she mistakes coincidence for influence while combing these diaries for germinal ideas or images in work composed thirty or forty years later. Besides, it is not the narrow evolution of a style we watch unfold in these pages but the gradual development of a sensibility. What Stevens saw and said is finally of less interest than the dynamics of how he came to regard the world.

The journals of poets often have an intrinsic vitality and interest—Byron's and Emerson's come quickly to mind—but Stevens's diary has no special distinction apart from its author. The entries during his college years at Harvard are full of the usual derivative Grand Thoughts, melancholy sonnets, and high jinks. But, from the very start, his strong sense of vocation is there: "Have also been planning more poetry: I am full

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OKTOBERFEST

There is a cabbage leaf the shape
of a woman's hand on the table.
She sits on a hard, red chair
and spreads a newspaper. There is
a tin basin full of green beans

on her lap, a dish rag thrown
over her shoulder, and in the room
the odor of onions and squash baking.
A man enters, comes near her,
and mutters something in Low German.

She nods. He places a bunch of turnips
over the paper and shakes off the dirt.
Steam rises from a pot on the stove
and stays on the window. Soon,
everything is warm: the woman's face,

the man's hands, the beer he's holding.
He's thinking of the harvest;
the fields are turned under for winter.
There are fifty bales of hay stacked
in the barn, two black hogs fattening.

The man smiles and leans back
against the wall. He taps his foot.
The woman looks up and begins
to drum her fingers on the table,
her veins spreading out, then in.

There is a rush of air through the fine
bones, the skin of an accordion.

Mary Swander

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of bright threads—if I could only gather them together," he wrote at age 20 while steeping himself in the English classics to which his threads tied him at the time. From the beginning, too, his character as a High Romantic is established, and in the true Paterian mode, he finds beautiful what contains the added element of strangeness.

When he looked back, in 1904, over these collegiate entries, he scribbled in the margin, with the cruel correctness of hindsight, "What silly, affected schoolgirl drivel this seems to me now." And indeed the journal does gather momentum only when Stevens moves to New York as a cub reporter. This is his soul's fair seedtime, and not his Reading childhood, dark reminders of which occasionally streak the diary's texture. In the city's welter, with its "foolish crowd walking on mirrors," his own solitude is more exact, and his senses more acute. It is here he so resembles other pure products of America, and seems a sort of urban Thoreau. It is rarely the cityscape itself that catches his attention, but rather his departures from and approaches toward it on those epic walks of his—a perspectivist attitude familiar from his poetry. It is at this time he begins to use language to ruffle his perceptions into new orders, as in this description of a walk home after a Beethoven concert at Carnegie Hall:

> Delightful air. It blew up my coat sleeves & made me feel as if I'd like to take off my shirt. I'm going to come down from the green mountain tonight and imagine a warm sea booming on a tropical coast.

Or this, on a Canadian camping trip:

> The twilights grow more short; the stars more in a multitude & immensely bright. The calling moon of the moose is rounding out. I look in the fire at evening & conjure up a hand to hold; W.G.P. transforms the logs & flames into griffons & monkeys. The season cools.

It is clear from these and from so many other passages, that Stevens was attempting here what his poetry would perfect: the use of language not to describe but to create experience. The isolate events and the wholly imaginative connections between them, the exuberant solipsism, the sensuous aestheticism . . . all these begin to emerge now, and are marvelously summarized in his self-description as "a New Jersey Epicurean":

> If I wanted to think all of life over, I think I could do it best up the Tulpehocken, or sitting on a fence along the Bernville road. The Colisseum [*sic*] by moonlight would be a distraction by comparison. Native earth! That makes us giants.

The final third of the book has as its general context Stevens's long courtship of and eventual marriage to Elsie Kachel—a tender yet puzzling episode familiar from the *Letters*. More interesting than his emotional needs is his intellectual advance during these years as a young attorney. He uses his journal either to test or to steady himself now, largely converting it to a commonplace book of imported ideas—quotations from dozens of authors ranging from Catullus to Balzac to Bourget. He was deeply immersed in reading at this time, and in his long, obscure education in art, this was a sort of continental finishing school. In each case he admires or admonishes an author's ideas, and the overdetermined effort is a distinct shift in the nature of the journal from record to forum, and the start of his lifelong habit of conceptualizing his perceptions.

And then, with his mother's death in 1912, the journal simply stops—as if, with his apprenticeship over, an additional silence were the next logical step in his pursuit of privacy. And Holly Stevens self-consciously leaves unanswered the two questions that most tease his readers into thought. The first is his double career, as artist and executive. In his journal one finds him the assenting son of a father who would write to him of how best to "earn a sufficiency." The work ethic—to say nothing of its rewards—suited Stevens's temperament admirably; even at 21, he was stiffly certain:

> I should be content to dream along to the end of my life—and opposing moralists be hanged. At the same time I should be quite as content to work and be practical—but I hate the conflict whether it "avails" or not. I want my powers to be put to their fullest use—to be exhausted when I am done with them. On the other hand I do not want to have to make a petty struggle for existence—physical or literary. I must try not to be a dilettante—half dream, half deed. I must be all dream or all deed.

It would seem that his ambivalence here, and his split career later on, were not the result merely of heritage or convention. Evidently he needed to keep "dream" and "deed" counterpoised, needed to tie himself to the masthead of Hartford Accident & Indemnity in order to hear the distant voices. The demands of his business seem, above all, an elaborate defense against the full implications of his genius.

The still greater puzzle is raised by Holly Stevens at the end of this book, but with a helpless shrug: "I cannot explain the great leap from the juvenile verses to 'Sunday Morning'." While I

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fully understand her dilemma, this is precisely the point such a book as hers should have engaged most forcefully. The lack of any explanation, indeed, makes the poet's work that much more mysterious. The juvenelia and apprentice work—which one is glad to see, most of it printed here for the first time—don't clarify anything but Stevens's desires. He was an enthusiastic reader of poetry as a young man, but happened to be reading during one of the bleakest periods in American poetry and so eagerly devoured nothing more substantial than marshmallows by Bliss Carman and Richard LeGallienne. And there are only the most fleeting pre-echoes of his mature voice in the two birthday books he made up for Elsie in 1908 and 1909:

There is my sceptre,
Pink evening moon,
Haunting me, Caliban,
With its Ariel tune.

.....

He sang, and, in her heart, the sound
Took form beyond the song's content.
She saw divinely, and she felt
With visionary blandishment.

Much earlier in his journal he comments favorably on another author's "coupling of the facetious and sentimental," and that is one description of what is beginning to happen to his verse—that, and the way his language starts wittily to parody its own normal referential and sequential functions. Still, this work seems a lifetime away from the work he would start to produce only five years later and eventually collect, at the not very prodigious age of 44, in *Harmonium* (1923). And when the first significant Stevens poem appeared in the issue of *Poetry* for November 1914, Harriet Monroe had nothing for her "Notes on Contributors" and so wrote merely that ". . . Mr. Wallace Stevens is unknown as yet to the editor." Miss Monroe had the first word, and it may well have been the final word. Even having read this handsome book, I feel that Mr. Wallace Stevens is still unknown. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

They inhabit it. They clean it. They suffer and use, alter and enjoy, work in, around, out of, for, against and in spite of it. Thus are women ruled and disenfranchised by the built environment. So, one might add, are men, children, animals, insects, birds, trees, plants and all manner of growing things. But that is another story.

The story being told at the Brooklyn Museum through April 17 and thereafter in Cambridge and Colorado Springs is *Women in American Architecture: A History and Contemporary Perspective*, and it is a strange and awesome one—a portfolio out of Hollywood, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the history books—with emphasis on the latter. Curator Susana Torre and the organizing Architectural League of New York, have virtually spread the pages of their newly published book of the same name (Whitney Library of Design; $25) in space on the museum's fifth floor. Ninety-nine placards (30 inch by 40 inch boards) give the women architects their say and show their work in this ambitious exhibition.

A *Roots* for women, *Women in American Architecture* is packed with tales of work unrewarded, talent turned to "brain fever," designs usurped, genius diverted. It should satisfy any seeker of firsts and foremosts. The question that launched the show—why are there so few women architects?—is parried by an eclectic bundle. In the end, the quantity may exhaust museumgoers; at the same time, it gives a sampler and sense of numbers.

It is nothing less than startling to meet Lady Deborah Moody (1590-1659). "The first city planner," she created a design for the Village of Gravesend in Brooklyn. Her plan, a quadrant still visible on an aerial photograph, reveals the power of a "master builder" in the sense that really matters and underscores the tenacity of the marks we make upon the land.

Glimpses of other women designers are equally surprising: no matter how talented, not one is a household name. Julia Morgan, somewhat known for the gaudy splendors of San Simeon, is scarcely recorded for a thousand other buildings in California. Marion Mahony Griffin penned the drawings that introduced Frank Lloyd Wright to the world, but declined an invitation to run his office. Then there are the more influential "designers" of environmental ideas—from Catherine Beecher, who implanted the ideal of domesticity for generations, to Catherine Bauer or Jane Jacobs, whose preachments tried to change the life-denying, land-gobbling practices of more recent times.

It is no less sensational to meet Baroness Micaela Pontalba. How has Hollywood missed this formidable designer of New Orleans' Jackson Square; this Scarlett O'Hara, who shed her first weak husband and suffered wounds in the chest and a blasted-off finger from the bullets of her angry father-in-law? It all evened out: she inherited her father-in-law's money when he later killed himself, and thereafter could afford to go her way, commandeering a design from an architect, riding ruthlessly over his labors, and then, for a public relations grand finale, beguiling Jenny Lind to stay overnight at the new development. It is *Fountainhead*, as P.T. Barnum might have written it.

How, more importantly, did history miss and the mores deny so many of the women shapers of the environment on view here? For there are not only the diverting eccentricities—Grandma Prisbey piecing together a bottle village; or Sarah Winchester, heir to the rifle fortune and designer of a 750-room house—a colossus of herringbone-wooden walls, dead-end staircases, and 10,000 windows that took thirty-eight years to complete. There are also the countless vanished designers whose shadow-lives give a tragic cast to the show; saddest among them are the women architects featured in *Architectural Record* surveys of 1948 and 1958.

Not the least valuable part of this scrapbook of a show is the emphasis on architecture by nonarchitects. The exhibitors display what designers too seldom show: how formal architecture deals with fractions . . . of fractions . . . of the environment. A "man-*made*" world it may be, but don't ever call it man-*designed*. With architects handling a scant 10 percent of the built world, the landscape belongs to the nondesigner—the developer, the packager, the profiteer.

Recognizing that, the planners of the show devised a section called "'Woman's Place': the Design of Domestic Space," which presents the everyday dwellings we call home. For good or ill, women helped to define the vernacular forms and the role within them for other women: in Beecher's *The American Woman's Home*, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and in the Taylorized "human engineering," forested by Lillian Mollner Gilbreth of *Cheaper by the Dozen* fame.

The show offers two sides of this domestic idyll. It contrasts *The Human House* of 1939, headquarters of Supermom, "the selfless mediator without her own space, who helps the others find privacy and fulfillment," with the more communal designs that release Mom from the kitchen. It supplies tales like the Women's Commonwealth of Belton, Texas, where thirty wives left their fam-

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FOOTPRINTS

A clownish stumbling in the snow last night
footprints bold outside our windows
circling the house as we slept

Who wished entry to our lives, who came to peer
in our darkened windows,
who danced invisible at the edge of our dreaming

Joyce Carol Oates

ilies, built their own homes, and split the cleanup chores. (Despite a boycott by the town fathers, they ran their balconied hotel for thirteen years, right there on Main Street of the turn-of-century town.)

But the show takes no position on either side. Do the exhibitors view the design of "domestic space" as a trap that kept the woman architect from rising to her full height? Or was it "natural" for women to care for the world that male architects neglect? Adherents to both points of view can find comfort in this assemblage. Indeed, whatever your polemic, this exhibition will support it. Women's architecture—mundane or aristocratic, bygone or up-and-coming, conservative or radical, mainstream or sidestream; women architects—achieving or repressed, feminist or sexist. . . . They're all there. And if that isn't enough, this deluge has a section showing "alternatives" for the future, another of buildings that once housed feminists, and groups of women critics of architecture. There are two slide shows, one in the fuzzy poetic mode; the other of New York women architects (Cambridge/Boston and Colorado Springs will presumably substitute their own local members).

Thus the exhibition offers images to reinforce too many arguments. If you want to view women as angels for the poor, you can read about Catherine Bauer as a role model for 1930s reformist housing. If you prefer women as artists of lavish talents, there's Julia Morgan, design servant to the Hearsts. For a liberal and caustic view, you can savor the critic Sibyl Moholy-Nagy as she labels the then-current pack of German-bred Bauhaus architects "Hitler's Revenge."

Moving into the 1970s, the exhibition offers the same sprawling and eclectic mélange. For small-is-beautiful fans there's Sarah Harkness who likes to do things one-on-one. For those who want women to climb the slick corporate-style design ladder, Natalie de Blois sets up glass boxes with the "best" high rises of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. Fuzzy/funky fans are offered women-made log cabins; futurists can see a women-designed set of glass bubbles for the New York Botanical Garden. Solar energy enthusiasts, woodsy exurbanites, neo-cubist devotees—all will find a woman architect to fill the bill. Whatever the true quantity and quality of women's work, it is all one here—equally weighted and uniformly endorsed: *all* women architects are on a par; *all* women's design ideas have validity.

So what is one to make of this vast, undifferentiated mass? Not as much as one might hope, I am afraid. What do women in architecture want? Plurality may be a valid enough answer, but even plurality demands something less tangled. Spreading a 224-page book across the floor of a museum may discharge an obligation to one's academic and architectural peers, but lack of editing is a disservice to the larger public.

If you multiply the ninety-nine placards by two minutes apiece for reading them, it appears that visitors in three cities must invest a minimum of three hours in the show. Compound this by the complexities of theme and subtheme, with no single chronology, no single social or aesthetic point of view, and numbness must set in.

This heavy verbalizing combines with minimal visualizing. There is too little color and form. Work from Barbara Stauffacher Solomon of super-graphics fame or chairs produced by Florence Knoll (both remarkably excluded) might have added pictorial effects. So might models. As is, the one model—a Plexiglas version of Catherine Beecher's Gothic cottage—sits on a mirrored base. The plastic doll house becomes a chic item and a total falsification of the woodsy-homesy cottage Beecher defined a century ago. (Her sister, Harriet, would have sicked the bloodhounds on the perpetrators.) Where is the respect for architectural history? The placards do not even note which buildings are in existence, which have been demolished.

Like much contemporary architecture, *Women in American Architecture* has a nice "façade." Rows of mock drafting tables or easels hold the placards. The tables march down a double row in style, their snappy red or blue legs and colored boards making a bright if

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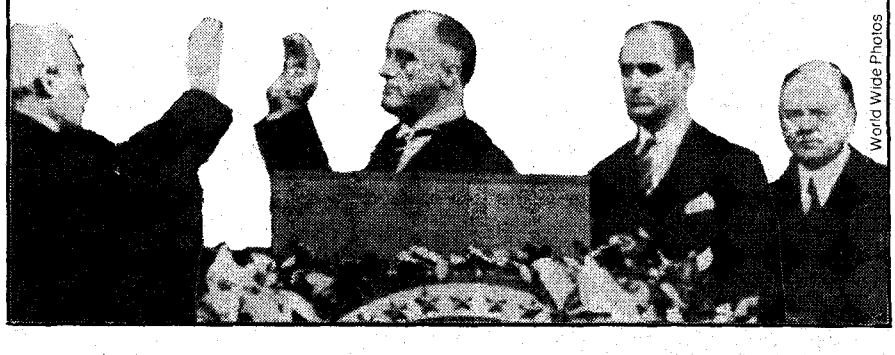

World Wide Photos

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spare procession. They are seventeen rows deep, six tables across, with a space down the middle. Banners dangle overhead; drawings are pinned to one wall. The gallery, under a luminous skylight, has the look of a school or an architect's drafting room. The easel device is ingenious and will package well when the show travels.

Unfortunately, the spry look belies the deadening effect of the design. The rows of tables dictate a shuffle-read, shuffle-read route for the visitor that adds to the visual monotony. There are no chairs in this, the most texty of shows. It is funny to hear about the "grammar of space" in a place whose design gives so little heed to physical comfort or visual relief.

To its credit, the exhibition exhumes a lot of history and provokes a lot of thought. It may even promote pride (along with pique) in its audience—as did the last enterprise to which it compares in scope and aims: The Women's Pavilion of the 1876 Centennial. "Oh!" a visitor there declared, "such proud and lofty feelings as I did enjoy a-seein' the work of my sect from all over the length and breadth of the world. . . ."

Perhaps we are too sophisticated to feel that nowadays. We are too downed by the low state of architecture to believe that design can mean so much. Yet for some, this show may supply that simple-minded lift—those "lofty feelings." One would wish those sentiments (and the designs that aroused them) were better ordered, and just better, too. Still, the simple siteseeing of *Women in American Architecture* is worth seeing. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A part of the *Berlin Now* push, "Realistic Tendencies" is at the New School Art Center (until April 19). With one exception the artists were born between 1934 and 1945, with the main concentration in 1937-39. The older artist is 61, Karl Kothe who has long painted images of posters, ripped and worn, of sexy bodies on walls, to give a dimension of naturalism and squalor to Pop art. To the skin of the postwar girl he added the sense of sin of *The Blue Angel*. In the 1960s he was pretty isolated, but a context has now formed for his art.

These Berlin-based realists share a critical stance toward society: the mass media paper over the real issues; social fact must be shown unsparingly. However, their ideological analysis of society has an archaic aspect. For example, Wolfgang Petrick's "Assembly" shows a group of senile veterans, but veterans are not only a legion of incapacitated victims; they constitute an ultraconservative political lobby. Petrick however remains committed to the imagery of decay derived from Georg Grosz and Otto Dix. Maina-Miriam Munsky stresses the dehumanized feeling of clinics toward patients, but life expectancy has risen because of them. Jurgen Waller's "Ride for the Capital" is a two-tier image in which healthy workers hold up, like caryatids, debilitated high society's pleasure garden. But this tableau of the infra- and super-structure, though legible, is as usable in real analysis as Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, with its ants below ground and its grasshoppers above. Waller's protest is blunted by his conformity to half-century-old rhetorical forms.

These realists are unrelentingly accusatory, but the stereotypes of the 1920s are as nostalgic as they are tough. It is true that the optimistic expectations of industrial society current in the 1950s and 1960s are no longer tenable, and that is one of the reasons why the German realists of the 1920s look so interesting again. The *Neue Sachlichkeit* (New Objectivity) of the 1920s held a mirror up to defeated Germany and at the same time affirmed anti-classical, indigenous North European style. The original imagery of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* cannot have the same meaning when adapted to a prosperous, reconstructed Germany. Thus there is an element of bad faith in the nationalistic and historicist orientation of these artists. They claim social relevance, but do not base their work on an up-to-date analysis of their own situation. Hence their continual recourse to antiquated shock images presented in variations of the sharp focus and hard contouring of the 1920s painters. Their acceptance of a sadomasochistic world view is really the exploitation of a national stereotype. It corresponds to, let us say, Spanish artists' claims on black as a color (won for them by Velázquez and Goya) or to American artists' insistence on competitive high-impact art. It is odd that these reform-oriented German artists should perpetuate a cliché of their own national identity.

Carol Kreeger Davidson's reliefs borrow materials from painting to get some of the effects of sculpture (Bonino Gallery). In one group she uses canvas not as the support for brushmarks but rolled so that it advances volumetrically off the wall, its curved mass incised by an occasional taut wire to hold it in place. These wires also make a diagrammatic pattern on the wall, so that the pieces flicker between two- and three-dimensionality. In another group she uses the canvas flat, inset among planes of metal: the metal shines, the monochrome canvas (black or gray or white) is matt; thus a matt-gray and a shiny silver are alike but different. The wires are visibly tied into knots around nails, the metal is attached to the wall by screws: there is a complete structural frankness with regard to the materials used.

The concreteness of structure is combined with an abstract use of geometry to define precisely the areas that the works occupy. Artists who wish to use geometry but do not want to activate its symbolizing aspects (derivable from Plato and Pythagoras) seem able to work more freely in sculptural than painting forms. In geometric painting in which the canvas is as much a carrier of messages as it is of evident structure, intimations of superior order arise, as in Mondrian. However, literal materials used geometrically are factual rather than symbolic. One of Kreeger Davidson's pieces is called "Homage to Brunelleschi," a reminder that concreteness is approached more rationally via architecture and sculpture than through painting. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Shortly before he died in 1933, Langdon Mitchell said: "The plays of today are better than the ones we fellows wrote." It is true that the number of American plays of any lasting merit before 1920 can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Mitchell's own 1906 play *The New York Idea* (it played in repertory until April 10 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music) was among those rare exceptions.

The idea referred to by the play's title is crisply stated by one of its characters, a visiting Englishman: "New York is bounded on the north, south, east and west by the state of Divorce!" Its the facetious Britisher's little joke, but Mitchell took the subject seriously. "I wrote *The New York Idea*," he said, "because I think the subject of divorce is the most important question in this country at the present time. . . ."

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FROM A TOUR BOAT
ON CRATER LAKE

Here, Mount Mazama crashed
into itself, its being
a storm that burned its way out.
Then centuries of rain. So that now

the pit's wider than vision admits:
the roar of our motor strikes
the far cliffs softly
as some mosquito's whisper.
Beneath us, the water's
too pure for this world, richer
than bruise or bliss. And yet
we have seen it before: how light,
returning from any abyss, is
always this color: a violet so deep

that the heart mutters
bottomless, *hangs*
in the ribcage suddenly heavy,
ripe with the blood's buried thunder.

Joe Hutchison

an oldish gentleman, "is and appears thoroughly insignificant. But his opinion of the place he occupies in the world is enormous. His manners, voice, presence, are all those of a man of breeding and self-importance." The bridegroom's mother, at a wedding for which the woman her son is to marry is late, voices her discontent in this fashion: "I don't wish to be censorious or to express an actual opinion, but I must say it's a bold bride who keeps her future mother-in-law waiting eight hours."

Every role in the play is an actor's holiday. And Frank Dunlop, of Young Vic and *Scapino* fame, has chosen a perfect cast. Everyone shines, above all, Denholm Elliott as the priceless Sir Wilfred Elliott, who has improved with age (as John Gielgud has done), brings a mischievous bounce, a shameless bonhomie, a nonchalant and engaging rudeness to every movement in the best conceived part of the play. Dunlop's staging is light, breezy, scrupulously exact and happily free of directorial exhibitionism.

Several members of the cast—Rosemary Harris, René Auberjonois, Margaret Hamilton, Stephen Collins—will also appear in Dunlop's next production at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. We shall then not only have the opportunity once again to see that beautiful play but to measure Dunlop's scope as a director. If *The Three Sisters* proves nearly as good as *The New York Idea*, we shall have reason to hope that he is well on the way to establishing an excellent resident company. In any case, it would be a boon to playgoers if *The New York Idea* and *The Three Sisters* (assuming it lives up to expectation) were to tour the country. □

Oh happy 1906, when divorce was the most important question in this country! Fortunately his play is not as earnest as it is humorous. It is thoroughly amiable, felicitously written, charmingly sophisticated, admirably crafted. In it, Mitchell, a physician's son born in Philadelphia in 1862, reveals himself as a gentleman of refined and witty disposition in whose company we may still delight.

The play's radiance is not so much in its quips—the aforementioned Englishman, Sir Wilfred Cates-Darby says; "Some of your American gals are the nicest boys I ever met"—but in its tone. It is distinctly upper class in a day when there really were classes. (Today, class lines are blurred.) The rich then were mostly business tycoons and their heirs. If they were educated, they became lawyers for the wealthy, or judges who went into politics. They were painted by Sargent, collected pictures and other *objets d'art* picked up in European travel, went to the races, often to watch their own horses run. They were rarely as neurotic as the rich today; they valued leisure and, unless they were boors, used it gracefully.

That was the New York which Langdon Mitchell viewed with a pleasure both critical and cordial. This is how he describes some of his characters: "Miss Heneage is a solidly built, narrow-minded woman in her 60s. She makes no effort to look younger than she is. . . . She commands her household and her family connection, and on the strength of a large and steady income feels that her opinion has its value." William Sudley,

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

My first discovery of the Library of Congress' Archive of Folk Song led to astonishments which were to propel me into listening directions I had never known existed before. The field recordings, for example, of black blues singers in the Mississippi Delta and black musicians in all kinds of other Southern recesses—many of them tracked down by the dauntless Texas song collector John Lomax, and his protean son, Alah. There were also Appalachian ballads and mountain string bands which prepared me for the popular advent of Bluegrass music.

This all happened many years ago and I confess to having lost touch since then with the Library's recording arm until the recent appearance of the first five volumes of an extraordinarily illuminating and often intensely exciting series, Folk Music in America. (In time, ten more sets will be released under this overall title.)

So far, the first volume, *Religious Music/Congregational & Ceremonial*, is the most continually absorbing. It abounds in evidence of the multiplicity of textures, rhythms, shouts, and improvisatory keening and hosannas by which Americans worship through music. The seventeen selections, so far as I know, have never previously appeared on an LP in the United States; they are a mixture of unpublished recordings in the Archive of Folk Song, together with rare commercial discs and material from private sources.

The series as a whole is under the direction of Richard K. Spottswood who, in addition to his exceptionally knowledgeable programming, has provided booklets containing historical and biographical notes, song lyrics, and discographical information. It is important to stress, however, that these recordings are not just for specialists. They are of wide general interest—first in terms of the music itself and then with regard to what the music reveals of the social history of its performers and audiences.

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In *Religious Music/Congregational & Ceremonial*, there is, for example, the first known recording (1943) of the indomitably soaring hymns, performed a cappella, of the Old Order Amish in Iowa. As might be expected, the sounds are rather unworldly. Another track, a "sermon-in-song," part of the services of a white primitive Baptist church in Kentucky, is a swirling, thrusting fusion of old Anglo-American ballad forms with native religious witnessing—the congregation democratically punctuating the states of exaltation. Actually, the fire and abandon of certain white Southern religious music makers in this set may be of particular surprise to those who associate white Sundays with the bland sound of square pietism. Not that black religion is at all slighted—from a buoyant 1902 (!) recording by the Dinwoodie Colored Quartet to a furiously corybantic, stomping profession of faith (*Travelin' to that New Burying Ground*) by three black inmates of a South Carolina prison. The latter track goes back to 1934 and the collector was John Lomax. (The sound, by the way, is acceptable and often better than that throughout the album).

There is also a classic illustration of an urban black church session (1930)—a driving preacher and his congregation backed by trumpet, tambourine, guitar and piano. (*Fifty Miles of Elbow Room.*) Immediately afterward comes a differently ancient tradition of improvisatory prayer—an Orthodox Jewish chant sung with piercing emotional force by Cantor Isaiah Meisels. Recorded in 1907, the singing is a direct link to Old Country roots, for Meisels came to the United States after much success in Odessa, where criteria for Eastern European cantorial singing were being set at the time.

The first volume of *Folk Music in America* has much more—Yaqui Indian musicians from Arizona; the almost eerie, steely serenity of Indiana and Georgia "shape note" singers; and yet more black and white musical leaps into faith. The set is available individually at $6.50 (plus 50¢ shipping charges on orders under $13.50). Address: Library of Congress, Recorded Sound Section, Music Div., Washington, D.C. 20540.

The other four volumes of the initial release also comprise a rainbow of styles and backgrounds: Vol. 2, *Songs of Love, Courtship & Marriage*; Vol. 3, *Dance Music: Breakdowns & Waltzes*; Vol. 4, *Dance Music: Reels, Polkas, & More*; Vol. 5, *Dance Music: Ragtime, Jazz & More*. The last set, for instance, juxtaposes Hawaiian, Slavic-American, Italian, black, Southern mountain, and Swedish music—along with Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys. As assimilation inexorably accelerates, this kind of collection is going to become increasingly valuable. And poignant. □

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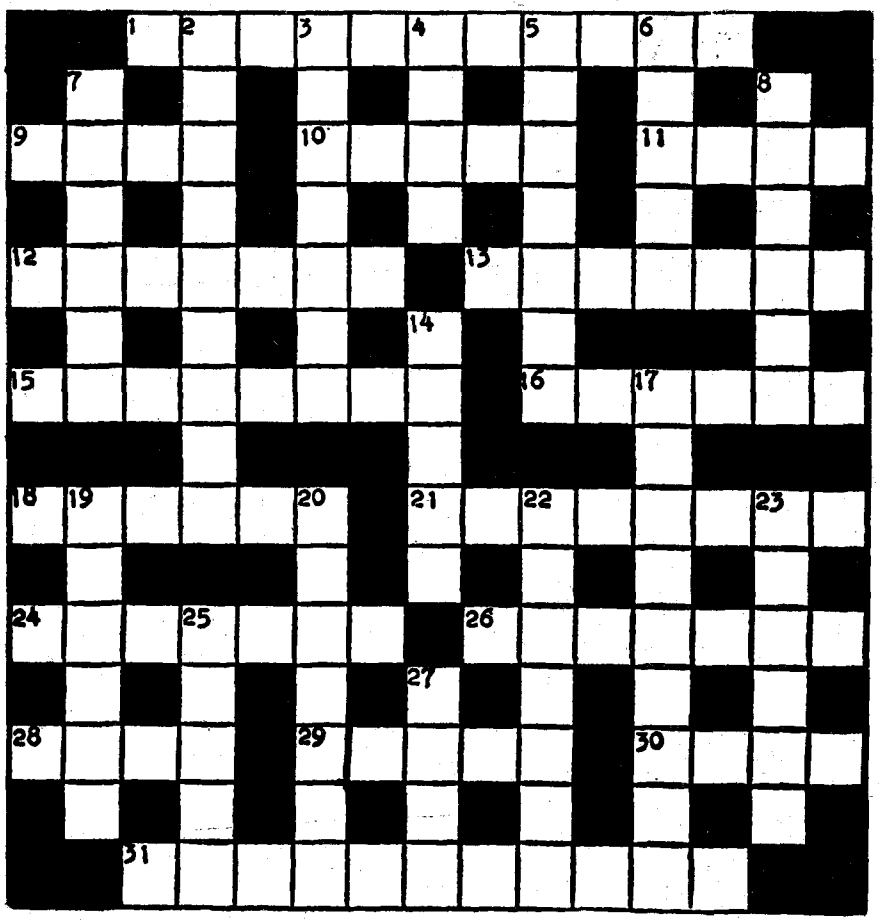
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Where older people don't like to feel they are. (It used to be to the 9-type house.) (4,3,4)
9 and 17 down Antithetical governments might have them, but they could prove a drain to the in-laws. (4,9)
10 and 11 The loser might be given a good one in crossing. (5,4)
12 and 29 Not what they mean when they talk about a person's Autumn Years. (3,4,2,3)
13 A mere environment for a backward country might have its full complement of notes. (7)
15 In short, do not get around the main difficulty prevailing. (8)
16 Almost all the reckless get beat. (6)
18 and 8 down One who's son pilfered pastry? (4,2,6)
21 One evidently looks up to nothing. (8)
24 Tried so hard to supervise the paper work? (7)
26 The way you talk! (7)
28 and 14 down Animal bite that might be considered an offense. (9)
29 See 12 across
30 You're not supposed to lie under it. (4)
31 Not the least like Ali! (3,8)

DOWN

2 Possibly making a check with a sort of ivy fringe. (9)
3 Symbol of power during the overthrow of Algeria? (7)
4 One comes in to something sounding like a tune. (4)
5 The sigh that gets heaved when on top? (7)
6 Appears to be common beauty. (5)
7 The traditional sound of the crier. (6)
8 See 18 across
14 See 28 across
17 See 9 across
19 and 23 Are games completely covered by them? (6,6)
20 In the distance, one can see the hair doesn't get short . . . (7)
22 . . . with loose ends tucked in by this. (7)
23 See 19 down
25 Saw indentations called this. (5)
27 Duck, he's a pirate! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1674

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Water-softener; 4 Showed up; 11 and 13 Kettledrum; 12 Units; 14 and 32 Haile Selassie; 15 Ingot; 17 Thinness; 21 Appended; 26 and 28 Keeps mum; 29 Hippo; 30 Tornado; 31 Nannies; 33 Frosty. DOWN: 1 Whodunit; 2 Tatting; 3 Runes; 5 Hokum; 6 and 24 Watch repairs; 7 Dallies; 8 Padded; 9 Prorated; 16, 19 and 23 The New World; 18 In demand; 20 Odiously; 22 Pleural; 25 Skates; 27 Seals; 28 Maori; 29 Honor.

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